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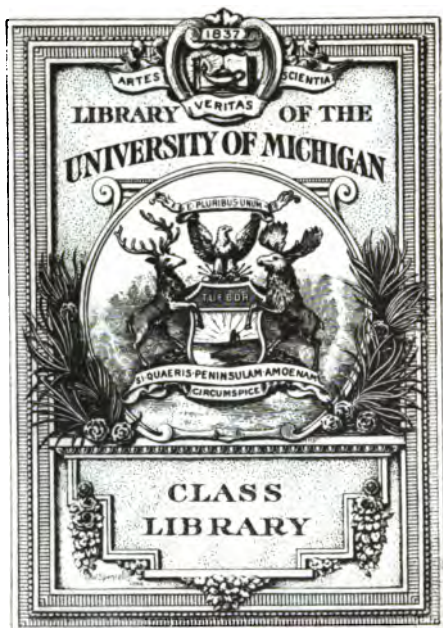
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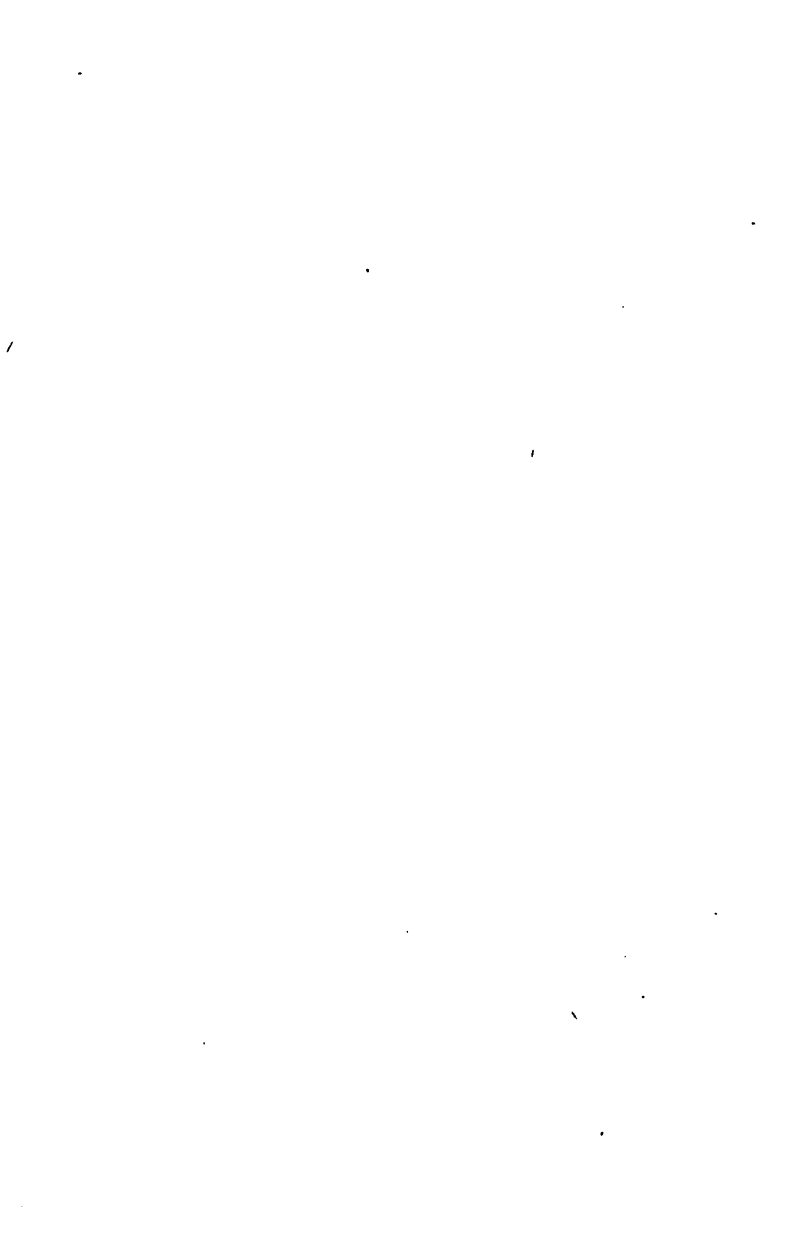
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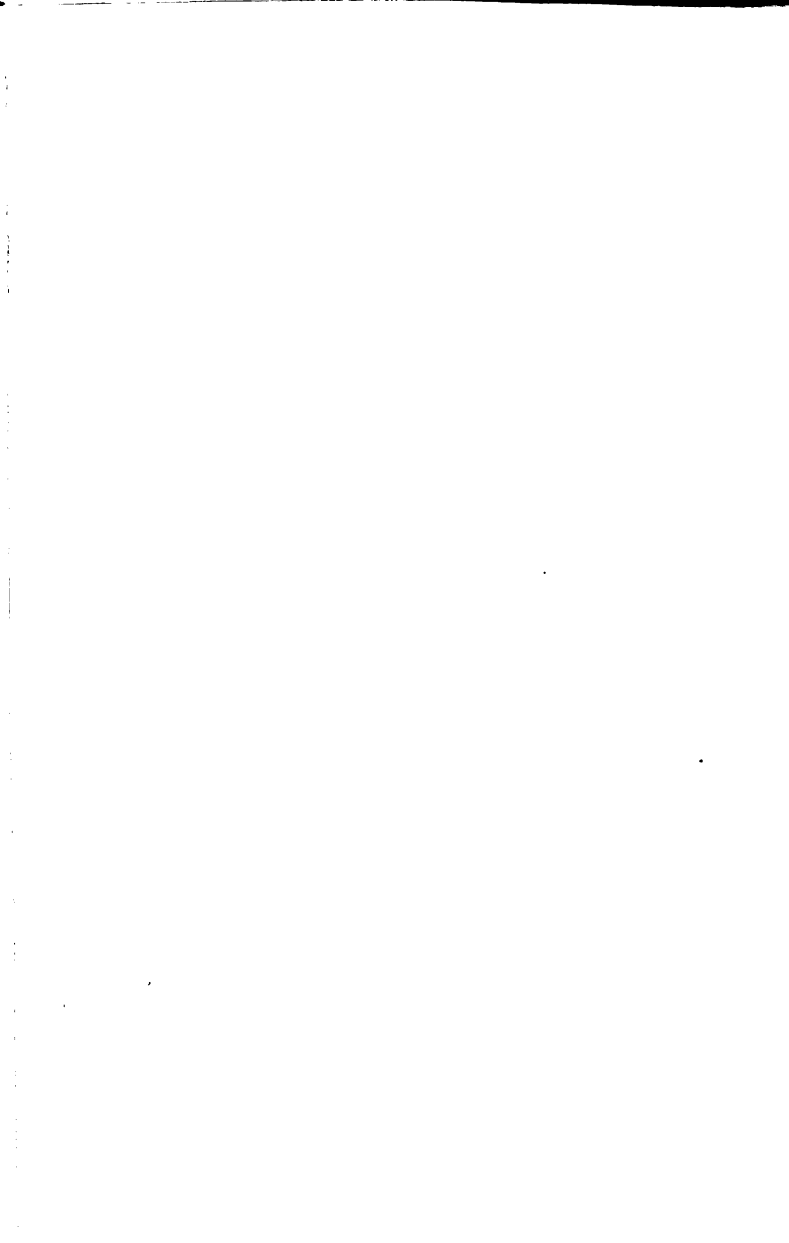
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SPECIMENS OF NARRATION

CHOSEN AND EDITED BY
WILLIAM T. BREWSTER, A. M.

Tutor in Rhetoric in Columbia College



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1895

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PREFACE.

THE *Specimens of Narration* is designed to accompany Dr. Baldwin's *Specimens of Prose Description*, and to precede Mr. Lamont's *Specimens of Exposition* and Mr. Baker's *Specimens of Argumentation* in the study of method in various forms of written composition. The volume has been compiled with two objects in view: (1) to aid the study of a large and important part of English literature; and (2), more especially, to help the student in the writing of narratives, to him perhaps the most interesting, if not in itself the most valuable part of composition work. The book consists of a number of fairly complete selections from representative modern authors, so arranged, as will be seen from Part V. of the Introduction, as to present a connected view of narration from the simplest forms to the more complex and technical aspects of the subject. The introduction contains a brief statement of the theory of narration and suggestions to the teacher and student as to certain good ways of looking at the question. The volume may be used independently; but a bibliography and numerous references are added, which will enable a student to read the book in connection with any one of several text-books on rhetoric. It is to be hoped that the student will make

use of these to their fullest extent, that he may see the subject from as many points of view as possible.

My indebtedness to the writers of other treatises on narration and to publishers who have allowed the use of their texts is specially indicated in the body of the book. To Dr. C. S. Baldwin of Yale College, and to Dr. F. N. Robinson of Harvard College, my thanks are due for many excellent suggestions and for the reading of proofs ; and to Professor Brander Matthews of Columbia College for many valuable criticisms and references. Especially I am under obligation to the constant counsel of Professor G. R. Carpenter of Columbia College for much that is good in the arrangement of the book, and for the correction of details in the manuscript and the proof.

W. T. B.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE, June 25, 1895.

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INTRODUCTION.

I.

IF we accept any of the well-known definitions of narration¹ we still have to examine that definition in its various bearings and in its relation to other methods of composition. Such definitions, however, agree in two important respects: that the typical mood of narration is action, that the material with which it deals is things; and they further agree that these two characteristics are fundamental to all narratives. Despite these prerequisites it is no easy task accurately to determine in any given case what narration is: its aim appears by no means constant; its province, like all human distinctions, is vaguely defined; its mood too frequently lies occult; its material may embrace

¹ As, for example, Fletcher and Carpenter: "Narration gives an account of an event or a series of events."—*Introduction to Theme-Writing* (Boston, 1893), p. 2.

Genung: "Narration is the recounting, in succession, of the particulars that make up a transaction."—*Practical Elements of Rhetoric* (Boston, 1894), p. 355.

Scott and Denney: "A narrative is the presentation in language of successive related events occurring in time."—*Paragraph-Writing* (Boston, 1893), p. 70.

the facts of the world ; its uses range from amusement to morality ; and its test is a variable principle.

Narration gives an account in words of how things act ; it is an account of action. Now this mood,

Narration defined. *action*, and this material, *things*, and the means, *words*, written or spoken, will at

once fix general confines to the province of narration. For its means, language, separates it for good and all from those forms of expression which do not use language as a vehicle—from music and painting, from sculpture and architecture. Narration is, then, that method of expression in language dealing with things as they move ; and as such the method is obviously applicable to all forms of literature, good and bad, permanent and ephemeral, to poetry and to prose.

The mood and the material of narration still further separate it from the other methods of composition

which work through the same means, language. These methods, exposition, argumentation, and description, with narration, are convenient terms which

include all the methods of expression by language. Exposition and argumentation deal with ideas in their relation to one another ; their point of difference in theory lies in this : that exposition tries merely to explain the nature and interconnection of ideas, while argumentation attempts not only to explain why certain ideas are as they are, but also to convince the understanding that they are as they are, or that they ought to be as they are not. Now description and narration are rightly said² to deal with things and not

² Fletcher and Carpenter : *Theme-Writing*, p. 3.

with thoughts ; and they differ from each other chiefly in their mood, so to speak, in the point of view from which they look at objects. In description the mood is the appearance of things, in narration the action of things ; description attempts to tell in words how things look, to portray ; narration tries to give a statement of what they do, to recount. The first is a tableau, the second a drama.

Such, in theory, appears to be the distinction between the various methods of composition. In practice the distinction is difficult to recognize, as will become plain by the examination of the terms *action* and *things*. Certain it is that the typical mood of narration implies progression, an act followed by another act, as when a man takes one step after another. Whether the events occupy two seconds or two centuries, they equally represent this mood. Besides this progression in time, the various stages of action may have the relation one to another of cause and effect. The second act may take place because the first has already taken place ; and, indeed, such relation appears in almost any good historical narrative. Action in narration, then, moves in two ways, in time sequence and in the sequence of cause and effect.

Narration and exposition. But cause and effect relations are part of the province of exposition. Where, then, lies the distinction between the two methods ? In practice this dependence is often borne out : certain narratives have manifestly so expository a nature that they may be said to use action merely as a vehicle for the expression of some moral truth,³ some

³ For example, *Pilgrim's Progress*.

system,⁴ some didactic purpose,⁵ the sugar coating for the bitter pill. Indeed, narratives are not unknown which aim to establish in the reader's mind a line of conduct.⁶

And, again, it is said⁷ that narration, like description, deals with things as opposed to thoughts—the material of exposition and argumentation. This is in the main true, but it is not the whole state of the case. Narration may look for its material in an intangible object, or in such an idea—which may find expression in outward acts—as Othello's jealousy. So in many modern novels, such as George Eliot's, the interest lies rather in the workings of the mind than in acts. Yet these subjects, in so far as they are ideas, are the material for expository treatment. Here again is liable to be found some confusion between the methods of composition.

In point of fact, the interconnection of these four methods and their mutual dependence are great. To take narration only, analysis of special cases would show where its province overlaps the other provinces. Narration joins with exposition and argument at the moment when, from the bare account of fact, there arises a suggestion of generalization; or when there is an address to the intellect in man, or an appeal to his sense for conduct. So, too, narration meets description at almost every turn, as is seen in every novel.

Interconnec-
tion of the four
methods.

⁴ For example, *Looking Backward*.

⁵ The typical form of the Sunday-school book.

⁶ For such fictitious analogy, see allegory in general.

⁷ Fletcher and Carpenter, p. 3.

Indeed, in no one part of speech, except the infinitive and the participles of the verb, can narrative be said to exist in a pure form. Nouns and adjectives are, *ipso facto*, descriptive. The moment a noun, or even an *I*, is prefixed to the verb, that moment there enters a suggestion of the descriptive element.

Since, then, we cannot hope in any actual case to find narration, or any one of the other methods, in a pure state, how are we to distinguish one from another? The real test seems to be the determining of the aim, the emphasis, the proportion, of the four moods and the two general classes of material in any given bit of composition. Clearly the method dealing with generalized ideas and with processes, such as the making of military maps, is exposition, and it is equally clear that to tell in words the story of Waterloo is narration. But in the description of the Rhines voting machine⁸ is not the aim as certainly to give a notion of the idea, "excellent voting machine," as to convey an impression of how a particular box, the type of many boxes, appears to the eye? Or to take another example, what is that descriptive inventory which aims to identify,⁹ as the naturalist's account of a robin, but generalization by specific cases? And is not a lawyer's plea which recounts the life of his client, so aimed, so emphasized, so proportioned, as to be termed, not narration, but argument?¹⁰ These ques-

⁸ Fletcher and Carpenter, p. 41.

⁹ Cf. Baldwin: *Specimens of Description* (New York, 1895);
INTRODUCTION.

¹⁰ Cf. Hill: *Principles of Rhetoric* (New York, 1893), p. 182.

tions are perhaps quibbles, yet they show that we have to test narration and description, exposition and argumentation, not altogether on the exact kind of material they deal with, but also on the aim which they represent and the emphasis which they carry.

It is with the recognition of the interdependence of these methods of composition that this series of specimens¹¹ has been instituted. Since, as has been shown, no rigid dividing lines can be laid down, the policy of wisdom is for a teacher of method to abandon fine theoretical distinctions, and to use examples to illustrate the scope of a kind of composition whose theory is at best a rather rough generalization.

Nor is the value of examples less apparent in a treatment of narration than in argumentation, exposition, or description. For, excepting the handing down of knowledge, nothing seems to be more useful or more common than the telling of what has happened. And, just as there exist good arguments and very bad arguments; just as there have been printed descriptions which burn objects into one's brain, and descriptions which suggest only the stupidity of the writer; so there are narratives obviously good and obviously bad, neither amusing nor instructive, neither interesting nor well told. Indeed, though we can hardly generalize on such a subject, the place of narration in literature is second to none: narration has been persistent in human interest from the earliest

¹¹ Baker: *Specimens of Argumentation* (Holt, 1893); Lamont: *Specimens of Exposition* (Holt, 1894); Baldwin: *Specimens of Description* (Holt, 1895).

campfire song after the mammoth hunt to the latest account of a shipwreck in the *World*; from the mediæval beast tale to the modern analytic novel; from the epic poem to the dramatic lyric; from Homer to Browning. That narrative is so important and so varied; that it is so ill defined; and, finally, that there has been so much bad narrative in the world is the justification for offering a few specimens of good narrative.

II.

SINCE narration rarely exists in a pure state, almost every bit of narrative, be it long or short, simple or complex, will be found to contain The elements of narrative. expository, descriptive, and even argumentative elements. Looking at these from the point of view of our subject, we call them the *Elements of Narrative*. The first of these grows out of the typical mood, and in a story or a drama is called *plot*. Since this action implies actors, there follows the second element, *character*. From these two follows the third, *setting* or *situation*, inasmuch as character must have some place in which to act. The fourth element is *purpose*, which concerns the motive of the narrator, whether his aim is to amuse or instruct, to sketch life as it is or as it ought to be. These four elements, as has been well said,¹² answer the four questions: *What? Who? Where? and Why?*

¹² Fletcher and Carpenter, p. 81.

There are very many ways of combining these elements. Plot, for example, may follow the simple time order without regard to the mutual dependence of the events. Such is the method of chronicle history. Still following the order of time, the narrator may explain at the start just what he intends to do, selecting such events as he pleases to illustrate or carry out his purpose ; such is done in Macaulay's *History*. Again, the author may present events with a view of building up a climax ; or to make clear the sequence of events according to cause and effect ; or, as in Browning's *Dramatic Lyrics*, events may be so chosen as to suggest what has taken place and what is to follow. From a different point of view, we may classify series of events by their length or complexity, by their brevity or simplicity.

So with characters. They may be men and women, or they may be stones and stones. They may be breathing, vital creatures, with individuality, or mere types of humanity, or moving mouthpieces for the expression of the author's ideas, mere counters in his development of the plot. They may remain the same from the beginning to the end of the narrative, or they may undergo change and development. They may be pictured to us as they appear to the senses, or their inner life may be dissected before us. We may know them chiefly from what they do—the most representative method in narration—or chiefly from the words they utter. They may be many, and come in a rout ; or few, and one balanced against another.

Of setting, there are two principal aspects—time and place. These may be of the simplest character, mere dates and names, with no higher purpose than

Setting. that of localizing the action or defining the *dramatis personæ*, or they may be structural, necessary, that is, for the exact working out of the plot ; or again, they may be used to give atmosphere, to heighten the dramatic effect, to give basis for the action as an organ bass gives volume to the air.

It is the narrator's purpose that gives form and substance to these elements. It is this general purpose

Purpose. that must intervene to decide on some line of action, some quality of actors, some function of setting, some general proportions. But of itself purpose is helpless to make narrative good ; it must, in its turn, be guided by some principle of selection, of structure, or of style.

III.

ONCE knowing his purpose, the next thing for a narrator to do is to determine on the objective point best suited to exemplify his purpose, and so to

The necessity of the objective point and of selection. choose his material as best to bring out that point. Nor is this choice of subject and material of small moment ;

for the faults of all bad story-tellers and historians seem to be twofold—though they may know why they want to tell a story, they do not know the main point

or the most effective road to it. The necessity of selection is obvious: all life is the fit material for narration, but no one narrative can deal with all life. Life is so tremendous, so complex, so incoherent,¹³ that no one narrative, be its purpose as broad as the heavens, can present more than an isolated and untangled fragment, a single grain of the vast sand-heap; and no one narrative should attempt more than the refining of the atom of gold from the mass of iron pyrites. In any narrative which pretends to be more than chronicle, there must be some objective point, and the material must be selected to bring out that point. In all cases, that artistic point must be clearly in the mind of the narrator. He must write with his eye upon it.

First, then, material must be selected with regard to unity of effect. In a long story, to be sure, such unity is often disregarded, but in a short story, as Professor Brander Matthews has pointed out,¹⁴ this unity of effect is not only absolutely necessary, but is also one of the distinguishing traits of the so-called "short story." Careful selection is well illustrated in the opening of Poe's famous *Fall of the House of Usher*. For several pages the details are chosen to bring out one prevailing impression, the atmosphere of impending fate, the forecast of the coming doom. Often, in less emotional stories, in such novels as Miss Austen's *Pride and Prejudice*, novels which attempt to portray

¹³ For excellent statements of the case, see Mr. Henry James's *The Art of Fiction*, and Stevenson's *A Humble Remonstrance*.

¹⁴ *The Philosophy of the Short Story*, in *Pen and Ink*.

life as it is, the material is chosen for its common-placeness of effect ; it is devoid of strange incident.

Furthermore, these details must be so related that the most potent shall occupy the most prominent places ; the principle of proportion or emphasis must hold. What is significant must be enlarged and bodied out ; what is unimportant must be depicted in quieter shades. Thus, in the narrative of the Norman Conquest (Part III., Selection 3) the story of Senlac-day occupies as much space as do the months of preparation preceding and the fifty years which led up to the battle. Had Green been interested rather in the causes, had he cared more for the ground-workings of history than the scenic battle, he would have thrown the latter into the background. Purpose and proportion must determine each other.

Another principle of composition is coherence, the application of which binds together all parts of a narrative. From this principle it follows

Coherence. that a well-constructed narrative should contain no damaging episodes, no digressions, large or small, to sidetrack the reader for a time or to impede the free swing of the action. A good study in point are the four sub-adventures in Stevenson's *The Dynamiter* : the four episodes, the *Story of the Destroying Angel*, the *Narrative of the Spirited Old Lady*, *Zero's Tale of the Explosive Bomb*, and the *Story of the Fair Cuban*, seem at first unconnected with the main series of adventures. As the plot thickens, however, their play in the general scheme becomes obvious. Far from drawing the reader away, they heighten the total

effect of the story and greatly add to its humor. Such is not the case with the episodes¹⁵ of the *Old Man of the Hill* in *Tom Jones*, or the *Novel of the Curious Impertinent* in *Don Quixote*, and hardly of the digressions in *Pickwick Papers*.¹⁶ Minor bits of incoherence in narrative are best seen in the irrelevant talk of the characters.

Most important of all factors in the structure of a narrative is movement. Since the typical mood of narration is action, a narrative, to represent that mood should progress in time and in the sequence of cause and effect. The narrative must be built so as to aid that movement, to make it rapid when dealing with high states of excitement, to allow it to lag in the unemotional, commonplace scenes. A steady method of progression is ordinarily the most typical for narration, a progression which always moves forward and leaves nothing to be explained. This is well illustrated in the steady jog of Miss Austen's narrative, in the sweep of Hawthorne's best work, and especially in the carefully prepared effects of the modern French story. These stories do not back and fill, as does the plot in *Ivanhoe*; they are fortunately devoid of retrospective digressions, such as in *David Copperfield* weary all but sentimental readers; they do not put several threads of action side by side, as in *Middlemarch* and many histories;¹⁷ and their progress is not a mere succession of brilliant leaps, as in Mr. Thomas Hardy's *Far from the Madding Crowd*. Perhaps fully as important as

¹⁵ Cited by Genung, p. 363.

¹⁶ *Ibid.*

¹⁷ For example, Parkman's *Montcalm and Wolfe*.

a steady progression is a well-emphasized progression, a movement which works from a typical opening to a more brilliant climax.

Three, among many points of structure, are worth noting as aids to movement. They are the opening, suspense, and climax. The opening aims to

The opening. clear the ground for the action to follow, and, by striking the keynote, so to speak, to catch the reader's attention. So, to illustrate the first of these objects, the French classical drama used the first act as an exposition of the events necessary to the opening, in the second act, of the main action. So, in Mr. Howells's *The Rise of Silas Lapham*, the author introduces his story proper by making his hero give, in an interview, the facts of his previous life. The second use—the catching of the reader's attention—is well illustrated in the opening of *Daniel Deronda*; and, *parvis componere magna*, it must be admitted that Oliver Optic and the writers of detective stories recognize this principle in the fights which generally open their narratives. In no fiction, however, are both these objects better illustrated than in the opening words of *Pride and Prejudice*, "It is a truth universally acknowledged that a single man in possession of a good fortune must be in want of a wife;"¹⁸ and in no narrative of fact better than in Macaulay's *History of England*.

Suspense is used before any important incident, and heightens the action. Suspense gathers together details and accumulates them, like the

Suspense. gathering of thunder-clouds on a sultry afternoon: suddenly the rain drops down, soon the

¹⁸ And indeed the whole of Chapter I.

sky clears, and the narrative flows on unimpeded. Good examples of movement vivified by suspense will be found in Stevenson's *Kidnapped*¹⁹ and in Scott's romances. Each scene is thrown into relief by contrast with the other.

Climax is perhaps most important. For, as in argumentation, which aims to convince, so in all narration that aims to interest, the last impression, naturally remaining longest in memory, should be the strongest. The accumulating of interest which constitutes good climax in narration naturally centers in plot, but, latterly, the development of character has been a powerful agent; in either case, however, the straining of interest is obtained by the use of new incident and new complications or by the unraveling of the mystery of event and mind. This moment of highest interest marks the artistic close of a narrative. The skilful seizure of the stopping-place is well illustrated in Parkman's spirited narrative of the battle of the Plains of Abraham;²⁰ all details after Wolfe utters his memorable words and Montcalm rides off, shot through the body, are left to the following chapter.

One or two additional hints are necessary. There are certain methods of presentation which enable a narrator, especially of fiction, the more effectually to secure his effects. Not unworthy of mention is that by which, the better to conceal his own knowledge of the subject—for the author is, *ipso facto*, omniscient—the narrator tells the

Minor devices.

¹⁹ Cf. for example, p. 49 of this volume.

²⁰ *Montcalm and Wolfe*, Chapter XXVII.

tale through a third person. This device Richardson employed on a large scale in *Clarissa Harlowe*: the constant narration by letters shielded the author from giving any forecast of the plot, heightened the dramatic effects, and relieved Richardson from any responsibility for diction or syntax which might otherwise have attached to him. So, too, such a device—the device of having several persons tell different parts of the story—was the only means by which Wilkie Collins could develop the plot and at the same time hide the climax of *The Moonstone*. With a slightly different motive the device is common to all dialect stories.

IV.

THE question, however, is not solely one of structure. The principles of composition which we have been discussing are, after all, relative; Kinds of narrative. they are determined by the point of view from which an author looks at life—in other words by the kind of narrative; and it follows that the principles of structure and the point of view, as shown in the classification of narrative, must be taken together. In general there are recognized two main divisions of narration; the one dealing with fact, the other with invented fact, or fiction.

To determine in these two general classes what is good narrative some test is necessary. As regards the material, that test is, in narrative of fact, truth;

in the narrative of fiction, broadly speaking, interest. The reason for the test of the first is obvious ; the reason for the second is this, that unless a fiction be interesting it has no excuse for existence. Only—to keep our notion of narration clearly before us—it is obvious that many novels which affect powerfully a large class of readers are hardly good narrative ; for them the test of interest is not final.

Since this is so, we are thrown back upon the second test, that which concerns the mood of narration, action.

The test. . We demand, then, that all narrative, of
2. Consistency. fact, and especially of fiction, shall, if it would be good narrative, hang together, shall contain nothing incongruous, shall produce illusion, shall have the semblance of reality. If we are willing to admit any sort of material in fictitious narration, such as two-headed giants and jumping cows and wives in wheelbarrows, which interest the childish mind—if we once admit such phenomena, then the test of narratives dealing with these subjects is congruity ; the giants and the cows and the wives shall act consistently. Otherwise, the narrative is bad. In other words, no matter how unreal is the material assumed by the imagination, the action must be consistent with that assumption.²¹ Good narrative, then, deals with things that do happen ; it deals also with things that might happen without interfering with their nature, real, or, for the purposes of interest,

²¹ For excellent examples of narratives which produce the illusion, see *The Arabian Nights* and Stevenson's *New Arabian Nights*.

assumed. Its tests are truth and interest, and consistency.

Now there are three convenient divisions of narration dealing with truth. The simplest, perhaps the

The personal narrative. truest to life, is the personal narrative.

It is likely to be essentially commonplace, but its aim should be to give, through whatever details it uses, a notion of things as they appear to one man. Closely related to this is the biographical

The biographical narrative. narrative, where, too, details are selected

and arranged with the same unity of purpose. Whether in a brief newspaper notice or in Boswell's *Johnson*, the selection of what is individual and salient is essential. Only the two differ in this : the personal narrative looks through the man to things ; the latter looks through things to the man.

The historical narrative. Finally there is the historical narrative proper, more complicated, dealing with larger issues, interested no longer in single men," but in the complex, shifting masses of humanity. Its field is very broad ; it deals with war and peace, with merchandise and diplomacy, with Tecumseh and Napoleon as movers in the show. Its method is sometimes descriptive and often expository ; and its length may vary from a cursory summary to the full pages of Macaulay. But, as in the personal narrative and the biographical narrative, the narrative is good as narrative in proportion as it gives a coherent, consistent, ever-moving view of related events.

²² But compare Carlyle's *Heroes and Hero-Worship* and *Frederick the Great*.

Various ways of classifying fiction have been proposed. Best known is the division of fiction into romances and novels, the former dealing with the extraordinary in life, with the supernatural even, full of color ; the latter representing life as it comes under the observation of mortals, ordinary, complex, full of character.) Such a classification is convenient, but is hardly minute enough to answer the test of congruity. Another classification, from the historical point of view, divides fiction into (the story dealing with incident and the novel dealing with incident *plus* character), the former in its various kinds, from the savage song to *Robinson Crusoe*, representing the earlier stages of narration ; the latter, from *Pamela* to *Trilby*, standing for the later developments of the art. The classification is interesting in that it roughly represents the proportions of the two most conspicuous elements of narration, plot and character, but it is too general to be useful, too rigid to be true.²³ Again, the ephemeral distinction has been offered of long stories and short stories. This is much like dividing humanity into people who wear trousers and people who wear petticoats ; unless these characteristics be the sign of some essential difference, as they cannot be in these days of bicycles and burlesque operas, the classification is worthless. As Professor Brander Matthews has pointed out,²⁴ however, there is a principle—the principle of unity of effect—which distinguishes the “short story”

²³ Compare what Mr. Henry James says in *The Art of Fiction* of such distinctions.

²⁴ *The Philosophy of the Short Story*,

from the longer novel. Again, rapidly to pass over some remaining classifications, novels have been divided in accordance with the subject and the sources of the material.²⁶ So, too, there is the method, admirable for scientific purposes, of looking at narrative historically and with regard to its subject matter. By this we have in mutually related and convenient pigeon-holes, epics and dramas, beast-fables and metrical romances, *contes* and *nouvelles*, and many others.

But, for the purposes of showing how narration is determined by the union of the principles of structure with the end in view, none of these classifications is quite satisfactory; they are not sufficiently shaded. For us the method is best suggested by the classification of the narrative of fact, which, it will be remembered, proceeds from what is simplest and most intimately connected with a man's life to the larger and more remote issues; from things small and specific to large facts and generalizations. Hence, it will be best to classify fiction with respect to its truthful representation of life as it appears to any average observer; it will be best to throw aside distinctions based on history

²⁶ The method has been absurdly carried out in the divisions of Professor David Masson (*The British Novelists and their Styles*) and of Mr. Percy Russell (*A Guide to British and American Novels*, a very ill-written book) into novels dealing with English life, novels dealing with Scotch life, novels dealing with naval life, and so on; as if life were more or less life, or novels better or worse novels for being separated by the boundary lines of the British Empire, or for pacing the deck of a frigate.

and geography and the analogy of science. Only we must bear in mind this limitation : that while certain novels represent life much more truly than do many histories, we have to make a rather rigid distinction between narrative of fact and narrative of fiction ; and we assume the former to be nearest to life.

Realism, in the modern sense of the word, is the form of fiction closest to things as they are. For

1. The realistic novel. realism attempts merely to picture life as it is ; to use a familiar figure, it is but the mirror of life ; it is a transcription of facts and impressions. In realism the author's personality does not appear, and there is little need of insistence on principles of structure, of action, of movement. The success of realism depends rather on the completeness with which its material produces the impression and illusion of life.

Realism is the logical outgrowth of an earlier and still extant form of novel, the so-called novel of life and manners, or novel of character. Here,

2. The novel of life and manners. too, there is small attempt to arouse interest by plot and incident. The interest lies rather in the manners of the individual and the customs of the communities, in the foibles, the excrescences, the humors of humanity. Only it differs from realism in this : that while realism deals essentially with the ordinary, the novel of manners does not blind itself to the peculiar in human character, and it does not suppress the personal comment of the author. But both alike have little interest in plot and little concern in the grouping of characters. Most like life, they are least like narration.

These two forms are possible methods of presenting all human life. We now come to certain forms of narration dealing with specialized interests. Of these the most natural to narration is that which specializes action; hence, we have the novel of incident or adventure, the novel dealing with events for their own sake. Since incident so predominates, we shall find the principles of selection and structure more rigidly enforced, and more necessary to successful narration. For, in this novel, incoherence and needless digression are fatal.

Now, when to the incident is added an abundance of description and coloring, or when the story deals with the past issues of life, and aims to shed round the unified action the glamour of "old forgotten, far-off things, and battles long ago," the novel of incident becomes the romance. So, too, we have the novel in which the events are chosen for their remoteness from life, for their supernatural value. Then the romance may degenerate into the incongruous romance of the sensational, as the legitimate novel of plot may fall away into the sensational novel or the detective story.

On the other hand, if from the starting point of the novel dealing most directly with life and manners, the element of character be emphasized, we still have a novel of specialized life, but with the plot element subordinated. The novel of character nearest life is that in which the characters are individuals. This we call the dramatic novel. The interest comes in the development of the characters, in their play upon one another. Hence,

while in many novels, such as *Silas Marner* and *Richard Feverel*, there is much incident and plot, this element is but the wires for the puppets to run upon ; the action is the sign of the character underneath.

When the dramatic novel advances a step along its peculiar lines of specialization, when its characters

6. The ideal- cease to be individual and become
istic novel.

typical, when they represent not the passions of particular men and women, but the motives of life, there results the idealistic novel. From this last there follows in logical order the expository

novel, or the novel with a purpose,
7. The novel
with a purpose.
Allegory.

which deals with the generalized moral and ethical facts of life, and which is perhaps best seen in its extreme form, the allegory.

So the problem is how best to secure a consistent presentation of truth or an effect of illusion. For almost any one of these kinds of narration all life is open ; they merely look at it from different points of view. Only, there is a certain eternal fitness to be observed : a narrator would hardly treat history as if it were allegory, or write a realistic novel with stocks and stones for characters ; nor does a reader look for a "lesson" in the pages of the realistic novel. And it should be borne constantly in mind that this scheme of narration—this progression in fact from what is intimate and commonplace to what is broad and deep in its issue, this progression in fiction from narration representing life as it is, to narration specialized in action and in character—it cannot too constantly be borne in mind that such divisions are only approximate ; that in any given narrative they

INTRODUCTION.

may be combined and variously proposed, indissolubly welded. Such a lesson through the study of the following specimens will teach.

V.

A WORD to the student of the selection of specimens intended to furnish the examples for study.

The use of the specimens. pages. Part I. deals with the elements of narration, plot, character, and gives examples to illustrate certain general principles of development. Purpose, for reasons given, can hardly be illustrated; rather must the student study the longer specimens to find in each what the author was written. So far as may be, each specimen is a fairly pure example of its kind.

Part II., by giving cross-sections of these elements, in combination, shows how a narrative may be constructed as a study in structure. Part III., the specimens, is designed to show various kinds of narrative and the use of structure in them. Part IV. deals with the technique of style.

It is hardly necessary to say that the specimens are not intended for imitation. For instruction and pleasure there is no serious objection to imitating of Poe or Mr. Henry James; but no permanent benefit to come from such imitation. To act accordingly and conscientiously, the ordinary student, result in ultimate

exinanition. The only method really worth while is, by a careful study of the models, to find out what the authors have tried to do ; how they have secured their effects ; why their narrative is good or bad ; why their characters are well-made or unnatural ; why a bit of history holds the reader's attention.

It is chiefly, however, with a view to narrative composition as a branch of rhetorical study that this analysis should be made ; the aim of the whole is to make student narratives less crude. And, hence, a student will do well, in practice, to take his cue from the order of the specimens as laid down ; he will do well, before attempting to compose a whole story—college students are fatally prone to tragedy and love-making—to test himself quietly and patiently, in the isolated elements. Let him take a single incident, say some familiar fire, or the sinking of the *Elbe*, such as he might pick up in a daily paper, and let him plot the details in various ways, just as the writer who would attain flexibility of style must study all ways of expressing a given idea and must see which is best suited to his purpose. Let the student narrate the details as they appear in time ; let him select some objective point and shade his material to that ; let him arrange his details so as to suggest things unmentioned. Or let him look at the same little body of facts from various points of view ; let him treat them as they would appear to a reporter, to a casual observer, to a philanthropist, to one vitally interested. So, in dealing with character, the student should select some familiar object, the newsboy or the common loafer, and present him as he appears to the measuring eye,

as he appears to the reflecting mind, as he appears in characteristic action, as he appears when in talk ; and he should attempt to combine these methods, keeping always in mind some distinct point of view. And finally, in connection with his studies in plot and character, let him try setting, first as the stage for his figures, next, when he has attained some proficiency, as the colored background and the atmosphere.

So, if he has done these studies well, the student may be set to working with the plots and characters of his own imagination. But it is obvious that the study of the real things should precede this last ; and the reason is that a student should learn to know what is congruous and consistent ; lessons which he will scarcely learn if left from the start to trifle with his fancy. For, unless a student's imagination is guided by the sense of fact which observation brings, he is hardly to be trusted with his own material.

From these elementary studies the student comes to the building up of a short story. He should find some facts to illustrate his main points, sketch general outlines, and fill them in. An interesting exercise would be for the student, after getting his material together, to see in how many ways it may be arranged to make a coherent story, to see how the plot element or the element of character may be emphasized, how the material may stand for itself or represent some larger generalization. Such methods are illustrated in the following specimens.

In regard to the technique of style, the final specimens, and indeed the others,²⁶ will exemplify two im-

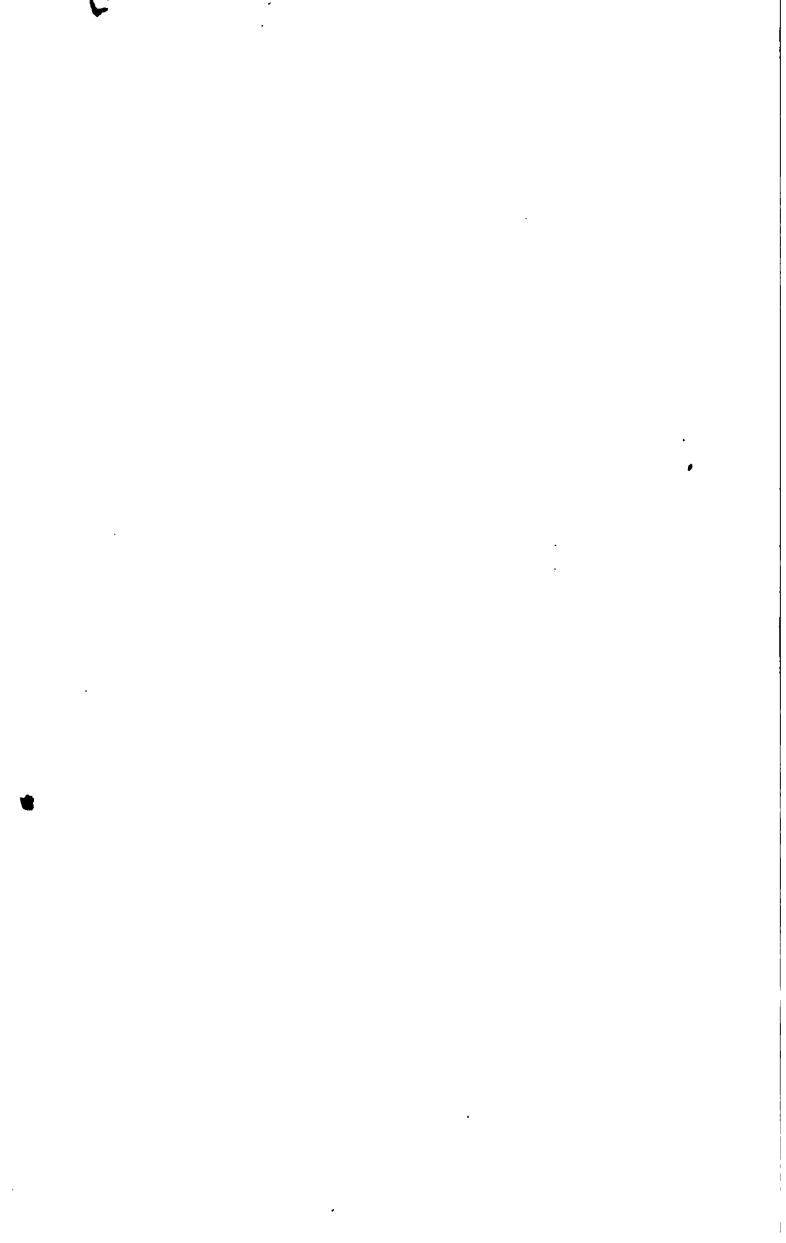
²⁶ Cf., among others, Chapter X. of *Kidnapped*.

portant points which the student of composition should bear in mind from the start. One is the value as an aid to movement of the specific verb, in narration the most important part of speech. Much, too, depends on the structure of the sentences: their shortness, their jerkiness, their length, their smoothness—all these have their function in vivifying or impressing the movement.

In all this the wise teacher will from the outset strive to anticipate those worst faults of student narration, the hackneyed phrase, the trite characteristic, the immature generalization. He will try to make the student see that to tell a story respectably requires some freshness of observation and some wholesome individual vigor of phrase. Until the student has learned that all incidents are not of knights and dames, of college sophomores and summer girls, of blood and love, that people are other than vaguely "golden-haired," or "black-browed," or "manly and noble"; that not all situations are of "spacious" courtyards and "gloomy" nights and "clear but cold days," he is hardly fitted to construct a readable narrative in a respectable style. The specimens show, at least, that these traits are not inevitable concomitants to good narration.

The following specimens, then, will help a student, through analysis, to learn, in a measure, what good narration is, and will serve as a guide to practice. Moreover, there is a larger and more valuable use to which they may be put. It is to be hoped that they will teach a student to read in a more critical spirit stories and histories; that they may stimulate him to

read more widely in the profitable and pleasurable field of narration; that they may induce him to select more carefully, to separate trash from excellence; that they may teach, in short, that there is every use in the world for good narrative, but that bad narrative, bad structurally or morally, is not worth while.



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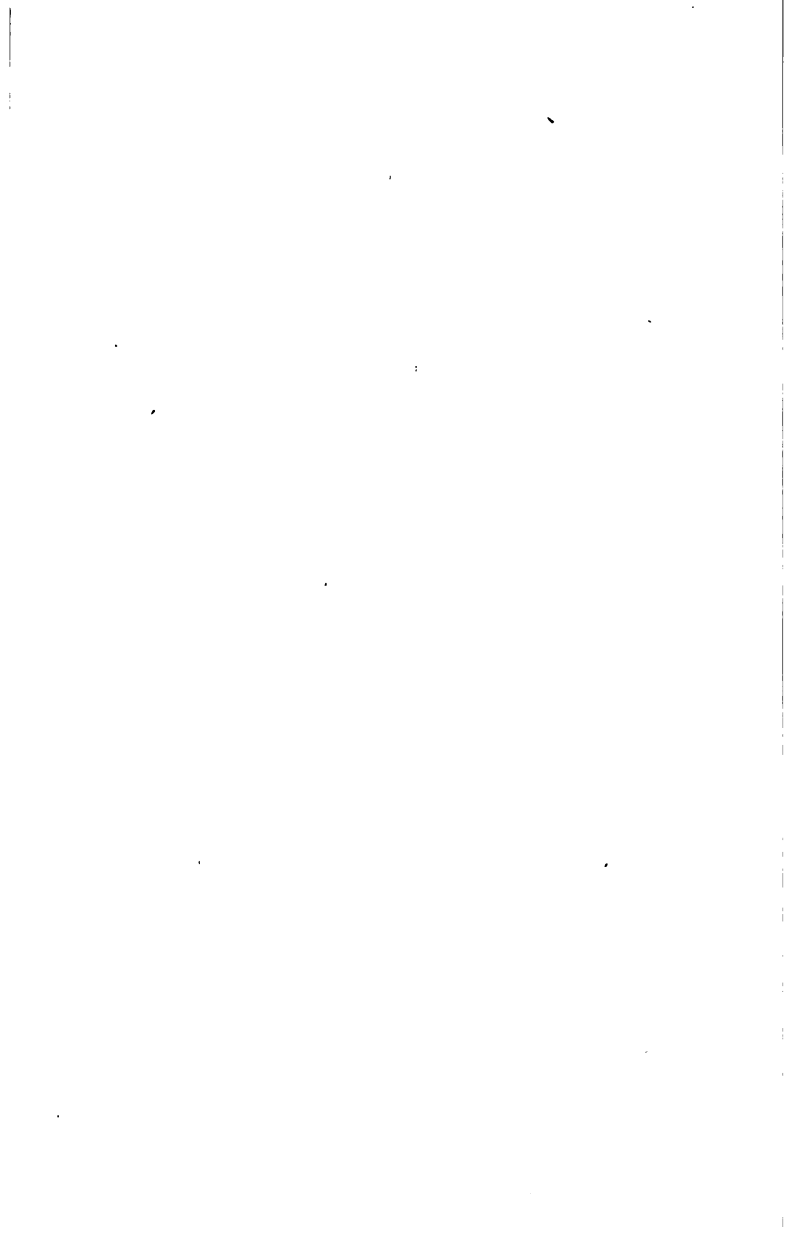
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PART I.

SPECIMENS ILLUSTRATING THE ELEMENTS OF NARRATIVE.



ELEMENTS OF NARRATIVE.

A. PLOT.

1. Samuel Johnson.

Born 1709. Died 1784.

FROM *A Journey to the Western Islands.*

[The following selection, entitled *Grissipol in Col*, is an illustration of the chronicle or enumerative method of narration. There is little unity of aim, and no attempt at proportion and climax. Examples of such structure abound in newspapers, letters, talk ; and excellent specimens are furnished in such books of travel as *Mandeville* and in such histories as the *Chronicles* of the Old Testament.]

THE house of Grissipol stands by a brook very clear and quick ; which is, I suppose, one of the most copious streams in the island. This place was the scene of an action, much celebrated in the traditional history of Col, but which probably no two relators will tell alike.

Some time, in the obscure ages, Macneil of Barra married the lady Maclean, who had the isle of Col for her jointure. Whether Macneil detained Col, when the widow was dead, or whether she lived so long as

to make her heirs impatient, is perhaps not now known. The younger son, called John Gerves, or John the Giant, a man of great strength, who was then in Ireland, either for safety or for education, dreamed of recovering his inheritance ; and getting some adventurers together, which in those unsettled times was not hard to do, invaded Col. He was driven away, but was not discouraged, and collecting new followers, in three years came again with fifty men. On his way he stopped at Artorinish in Morvern, where his uncle was prisoner to Macleod, and was then with his enemies in a tent. Maclean took with him only one servant, whom he ordered to stay at the outside, and where he should see the tent pressed outwards, to strike with his dirk ; it being the intention of Maclean, as any man provoked him, to lay hands upon him, and push him back. He entered the tent alone, with his Lochaber axe in his hand, and struck so much terror into the whole assembly, that they dismissed his uncle.

When he landed at Col, he saw the sentinel, who kept watch towards the sea, running off to Grissipol, to give Macneil, who was there with a hundred and twenty men, an account of the invasion. He told Macgill, one of his followers, that if he intercepted that dangerous intelligence, by catching the courier, he would give him certain lands in Mull. Upon this promise Macgill pursued the messenger, and either killed or stopped him ; and his posterity, till very lately, held the lands in Mull.

The alarm being thus prevented, he came unexpectedly upon Macneil. Chiefs were in those days never wholly unprovided for an enemy. A fight en-

sued, in which one of their followers is said to have given an extraordinary proof of activity, by bounding backwards over the pool of Grissipol. Macneil being killed, and many of his clan destroyed, Maclean took possession of the island, which the Macneils attempted to conquer by another invasion, but were defeated and repulsed.

Macneil, in his turn, invaded the estate of the Macleans, took the castle of Brecacig, and conquered the isle of Barra, which he held for seven years, and then restored it to the heirs.

2. Thomas Babington Macaulay.

Born 1800. Died 1859.

FROM the ESSAY on *Lord Clive*.

[The second sentence in the foregoing passage states the objective point of the narrative, but it states at the same time the dubiousness of the story, and there is no such emphasis as would give the narrative unity. Such unity is obtained in the following passage, in which the opening sentence distinctly states the objective point and forecasts the horror to ensue.]

Then was committed that great crime, memorable for its singular atrocity, memorable for the tremendous retribution by which it was followed. The English captives were left at the mercy of the guards, and the guards determined to secure them for the night in the prison of the garrison, a chamber known by the fearful name of the Black Hole. Even for a single European malefactor, that dungeon would, in such a climate, have been too close and narrow. The space was only twenty feet square. The air-holes were

small and obstructed. It was the summer solstice, the season when the fierce heat of Bengal can scarcely be rendered tolerable to natives of England by lofty halls and by the constant waving of fans. The number of prisoners was one hundred and forty-six. When they were ordered to enter the cell, they imagined that the soldiers were joking; and, being in high spirits on account of the promise of the Nabob to spare their lives, they laughed and jeered at the absurdity of the notion. They soon discovered their mistake. They expostulated; they entreated; but in vain. The guards threatened to cut down all who hesitated. The captives were driven into the cell at the point of the sword, and the door was instantly shut and locked upon them.

Nothing in history or fiction, not even the story which Ugolino told in the sea of everlasting ice,¹ after he had wiped his bloody lips on the scalp of his murderer, approaches the horrors which were recounted by the few survivors of that night. They cried for mercy. They strove to burst the doors. Holwell who, even in that extremity, retained some presence of mind, offered large bribes to the gaolers. But the answer was that nothing could be done without the Nabob's orders, that the Nabob was asleep, and that he would be angry if anybody woke him. Then the prisoners went mad with despair. They trampled each other down, fought for places at the windows, fought for the pittance of water with which the cruel mercy of the murderers mocked their agonies, raved, prayed, blasphemed, implored the guards to fire among

¹ Dante, *Inferno*, xxxiii.

them. The gaolers in the mean time held lights to the bars, and shouted with laughter at the frantic struggles of their victims. At length the tumult died away in low gaspings and moanings. The day broke.

5 The Nabob had slept off his debauch, and permitted the door to be opened. But it was some time before the soldiers could make a lane for the survivors, by piling up on each side the heaps of corpses on which the burning climate had already begun to do its loath-

10 some work. When at length a passage was made, twenty-three ghastly figures, such as their own mothers would not have known, staggered one by one out of the charnel-house. A pit was instantly dug. The dead bodies, a hundred and twenty-three in number,

15 were flung into it promiscuously and covered up.

3. Henry Fielding.

Born 1707. Died 1754.

FROM *A Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon.*

[Inasmuch as the holding up of an objective point at the beginning of a narrative may cause looseness of structure, the skillful narrator, like Macaulay, generally stops after he has given enough facts vividly to establish, so to speak, his opening proposition. The danger of anticlimax is often counteracted by hiding the objective point until the end; and such structure is well illustrated in the following short passage, where the details are evidently selected in preparation for the final sentence. It is to be added that such reserving of the objective point is characteristic of novels famous for intricacy of plot, as Fielding's *Tom Jones* and Wilkie Collins's *The Moonstone*, and such construction is often the life of the short story, as in Mr. Rudyard Kipling's *In the Pride of His Youth*, and in the excellent short stories of M. Alphonse Daudet and of de Maupassant.]

MONDAY, July 1. This day Mr. Welch took his leave of me after dinner, as did a young lady of her sister, who was proceeding with my wife to Lisbon. They both set out together in a post-chaise for London.

5
Soon after their departure, our cabin, where my wife and I were sitting together, was visited by two ruffians, whose appearance greatly corresponded with that of the sheriff's, or rather the knight marshal's bailiffs. One of these, especially, who seemed to 10 affect a more than ordinary degree of rudeness and insolence, came in without any kind of ceremony, with a broad gold lace on his hat, which was cocked with much military fierceness on his head. An ink-horn at his button-hole, and some papers in his hand, 15 sufficiently assured me what he was, and I asked him if he and his companion were not custom-house officers ; he answered with sufficient dignity, that they were, as an information which he seemed to conclude would strike the hearer with awe, and suppress all 20 further inquiry ; but, on the contrary I proceeded to ask of what rank he was in the Custom-house, and receiving an answer from his companion, as I remember, that the gentleman was a riding surveyor, I replied that he might be a riding surveyor, but could 25 be no gentleman, for that none who had any title to that denomination would break into the presence of a lady, without any apology, or even moving his hat. He then took his covering from his head, and laid it on the table, saying, he asked pardon, and blamed 30 the mate, who should, he said, have informed him if any persons of distinction were below. I told him, he

might guess by our appearance (which, perhaps, was rather more than could be said with the strictest adherence to truth) that he was before a gentleman and lady, which should teach him to be very civil in his behaviour, though we should not happen to be of that number whom the world calls people of fashion and distinction. However, I said, that as he seemed sensible of his error, and had asked pardon, the lady would permit him to put his hat on again, if he chose it. This he refused with some degree of surliness, and failed not to convince me that, if I should condescend to become more gentle, he would soon grow more rude.

4. Rudyard Kipling.

Born 1865.

FROM *Cupid's Arrows*.¹

[Besides the foregoing methods of handling plot, the story may be developed by suggestion. The details may be chosen at such a moment as to suggest much that has been left unsaid ; indeed, in that dramatic little poem, *The Two Corbies*,² in Browning's *My Last Duchess*, and in the ending of Dickens's *A Tale of Two Cities*,³ much more is left to the reader's imagination than is given him in fact. Such a method, though very dramatic, is often somewhat foreign to plain, straightforward narrative. The following extract, however, is very direct, and illustrates in addition the power that comes from the skillful choice of events to suggest the side-play of character. The ending, of course, suggests a complete episode.]

¹ From *Plain Tales from the Hills*. Printed with the consent of the author, and through the courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. Macmillan & Co.,

² P. 88 of Mr. Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*. Edition of 1888.

³ Cited by Genung, *Rhetoric*, p. 368.

LATE in the season, when he judged that the time was ripe, Barr-Saggott developed a plan which did great credit to his administrative powers. He arranged an archery-tournament for ladies with a most sumptuous diamond-studded bracelet as prize. He drew up his terms skilfully, and everyone saw that the bracelet was a gift to Miss Beighton; the acceptance carrying with it the hand and heart of Commissioner Barr-Saggott. The terms were a St. Leonard's Round—thirty-six shots at sixty yards—under the rules of the Simla Toxophilite Society.

All Simla was invited. There were beautifully arranged tea-tables under the deodars at Annandale, where the Grand Stand is now; and, alone in all its glory, winking in the sun, sat the diamond bracelet in a blue velvet case. Miss Beighton was anxious—almost too anxious—to compete. On the appointed afternoon all Simla rode down to Annandale to witness the judgment of Paris turned upside down. Kitty rode with young Cubbon, and it was easy to see that the boy was troubled in his mind. He must be held innocent for everything that followed. Kitty was pale and nervous, and looked long at the bracelet. Barr-Saggott was gorgeously dressed, even more nervous than Kitty, and more hideous than ever.

Mrs. Beighton smiled condescendingly, as befitted the mother of a potential Commissioneress, and the shooting began; all the world standing a semicircle as the ladies came out one after the other.

Nothing is so tedious as an archery competition. They shot, and they shot, and they kept on shooting, till the sun left the valley, and the little breezes got

up in the deodars, and the people waited for Miss Beighton to shoot and win. Cubbon was at one horn of the semicircle round the shooters, and Barr-Saggott at the other. Miss Beighton was the last on the list.

5 The scoring had been weak, and the bracelet, with Commissioner Barr-Saggott, was hers to a certainty.

The Commissioner strung her bow with his own sacred hands. She stepped forward, looked at the bracelet, and her first arrow went true to a hair—full
10 into the heart of the “gold,”—counting nine points.

Young Cubbon on the left turned white, and his Devil prompted Barr-Saggott to smile. Now horses used to shy when Barr-Saggott smiled. Kitty saw that smile. She looked to her left-front, gave an
15 almost imperceptible nod to Cubbon, and went on shooting.

I wish I could describe the scene that followed. It was out of the ordinary and most improper. Miss Kitty fitted her arrows with immense deliberation, so
20 that everyone might see what she was doing. She was a perfect shot ; and her forty-six pound bow suited her to a nicety. She pinned the wooden legs of the target with great care four successive times. She pinned the wooden top of the target once, and all the ladies
25 looked at each other. Then she began some fancy shooting at the white, which, if you hit it, counts exactly one point. She put five arrows into the white. It was wonderful archery ; but, seeing that her business was to make “ golds ” and win the bracelet, Barr-
30 Saggott turned a delicate green like young water-grass. Next, she shot over the target twice, and then wide to the left twice—always with the same deliberation—

while a chilly hush fell over the company, and Mrs. Beighton took out her handkerchief. Then Kitty shot at the ground in front of the target, and split several arrows. Then she made a red—or seven points—just to show what she could do if she liked, 5 and she finished up her amazing performance with some more fancy shooting at the target supports. Here is her score as it was pricked off :

	Gold.	Red.	Blue.	Black.	White.	Total Hits.	Total Score.	
Miss Beighton,	1	1	0	0	5	7	21	10

Barr-Saggott looked as if the last few arrow-heads had been driven into his legs instead of the target's, and the deep stillness was broken by a little snubby, mottled, half-grown girl saying, in a shrill voice of 15 triumph, "Then *I've* won!"

Mrs. Beighton did her best to bear up ; but she wept in the presence of the people. No training could help her through such a disappointment. Kitty unstrung her bow with a vicious jerk, and went back 20 to her place, while Barr-Saggott was trying to pretend that he enjoyed snapping the bracelet on the snubby girl's raw, red wrist. It was an awkward scene—most awkward. Every one tried to depart in a body and leave Kitty to the mercy of her mamma. 25

But Cubbon took her away instead, and—the rest isn't worth printing.

B. CHARACTER.

1. George Eliot.

Born 1819. Died 1880.

FROM *Adam Bede*, CHAPTER II.

[Most obvious of the typical ways of treating character in narration is that dealing with the external traits of the character. The method seems chiefly to be employed on the first introduction of the person, generally at the beginning of a story, to give, once for all, a notion of what he looks like, to furnish a starting point for the further development. Of this method Scott furnishes the best and fullest illustrations, as in the opening of *Ivanhoe*; but the following from George Eliot, containing as it does some obvious faults, will stand for the merits and defects of the method. With it should be compared the elaborate description in Chapter II. of *Mr. Gilfil's Love Story*.]

SEVERAL of the men followed Ben's lead, and the traveller pushed his horse on to the Green, as Dinah walked rather quickly, and in advance of her companions, toward the cart under the maple tree. While she was near Seth's tall figure she looked short, but when she had mounted the cart, and was away from all comparison, she seemed above the middle height of woman, though in reality she did not exceed it—an effect which was due to the slimness of her figure, and

the simple line of her black stuff dress. The stranger was struck with surprise as he saw her approach and mount the cart—surprise, not so much for the feminine delicacy of her appearance, as at the total absence of self-consciousness in her demeanor. He had made up his mind to see her advance with a measured step, and a demure solemnity of countenance; he had felt sure that her face would be mantled with a smile of conscious saintship, or else charged with denunciatory bitterness. He knew but two types of Methodist—the ecstatic and the bilious. But Dinah walked as simply as if she were going to market, and seemed as unconscious of her outward appearance as a little boy: there was no blush, no tremulousness, which said, “I know you think me a pretty woman, too young to preach;” no casting up or down of the eyelids, no compression of the lips, no attitude of the arms, that said, “But you must think of me as a saint.” She held no book in her ungloved hands, but let them hang down lightly crossed before her, as she stood and turned her gray eyes on the people. There was no keenness in her eyes; they seemed rather to be shedding love than making observations; they had the liquid look which tells that the mind is full of what it has to give out, rather than impressed by external objects. She stood with her left hand towards the descending sun; and leafy boughs screened her from its rays; but in this sober light the delicate coloring of her face seemed to gather a calm vividness, like flowers at evening. It was a small oval face, of a uniform transparent whiteness, with an egg-like line of cheek and chin, a full but firm mouth, a delicate

nostril, and a low perpendicular brow, surmounted by a rising arch of parting, between smooth locks of pale reddish hair. The hair was drawn straight back behind the ears and covered, except for an inch or two
5 above the brow, by a net quaker cap. The eyebrows, of the same color as the hair, were perfectly horizontal and firmly pencilled ; the eyelashes, though no darker, were long and abundant ; nothing was left blurred or unfinished.¹ It was one of those faces that
10 make one think of white flowers with light touches of color on their pure petals. The eyes had no peculiar beauty, beyond that of expression ; they looked so simple, so candid, so gravely loving, that no accusing scowl, no light sneer, could help melting away before
15 their glance. Joshua Rann gave a long cough, as if he were clearing his throat in order to come to a new understanding with himself ; Chad Cranage lifted up his leather skull-cap and scratched his head ; and Wiry Ben wondered how Seth had the pluck to think of
20 courting her.

“A sweet woman,” the stranger said to himself,
“but surely Nature never meant her for a preacher.”

¹ Technically, the description at this point is not of the best. It would be impossible for a stranger on horseback, at the outskirts of the crowd, to notice such details as are here given. In fact, the reader will notice that, while the whole produces a complete impression, the mechanism is faulty, in that it deals (1) with the general appearance of Dinah, (2) her effect on the stranger, (3) the details of her face and head, (4) her expression, (5) the effect on the men, and (6) finally reverts to the effect which she produced on the stranger. See the introduction to Dr. C. S. Baldwin's *Specimens of Description* (Holt : 1895).

FROM *Silas Marner*, PART I., CHAPTER VIII.

[Analysis is illustrated in the following passage from *Silas Marner*. The passage is particularly well adapted for study in that the principal character appears in two contrasted lights, and is represented as influenced by the time of day and by his knowledge of his father's humors. On the other hand, the passage lacks a statement of the large human generalization from which individual analyses often proceed, such as are well illustrated in other portions of George Eliot's novels, for example, in Chapter XXIX. of *Adam Bede*. The passages, and many others in George Eliot, should be compared as a study of the essentially narrative structure of the diagnosis, the time progression, and of the place which the method occupies in the development of character.]

The situation is this : Godfrey Cass, tricked into a low marriage by his brother Dunstan, had been repeatedly bled by the latter, but finally, having nothing to pay and having already diverted a hundred pounds from a tenant of his father's, gave his horse to his brother to sell. The latter promptly killed him in a steeple-chase, and left Godfrey no resource but to tell his father everything.]

THROUGH the remainder of this day Godfrey, with only occasional fluctuations, kept his will bent in the direction of a complete avowal to his father, and he withheld the story of Wildfire's loss till the next morning, that it might serve him as an introduction to 5 heavier matter. The old Squire was accustomed to his son's frequent absence from home, and thought neither Dunstan's nor Wildfire's nonappearance a matter calling for remark. Godfrey said to himself again and again that if he let slip this one opportunity 10 of confession, he might never have another ; the revelation might be made even in a more odious way than by Dunstan's malignity : *she* might come as she had threatened to do. And then he tried to make the

scene easier to himself by rehearsal : he made up his mind how he would pass from the admission of his weakness in letting Dunstan have the money to the fact that Dunstan had a hold on him which he had
5 been unable to shake off, and how he would work up his father to expect something very bad before he told him the fact. The old Squire was an implacable man : he made resolutions in violent anger, but he was not to be moved from them after his anger had subsided
10—as fiery volcanic matters cool and harden into rock. Like many violent and implacable men, he allowed evils to grow under favor of his own heedlessness till they pressed upon him with exasperating force, and then he turned round with fierce severity and became
15 unrelentingly hard. This was his system with his tenants : he allowed them to get into arrears, neglect their fences, reduce their stock, sell their straw, and otherwise go the wrong way—and then, when he became short of money in consequence of this indul-
20 gence, he took the hardest measures and would listen to no appeal. Godfrey knew all this, and felt it with greater force because he had constantly suffered annoyance from witnessing his father's sudden fits of unrelentingness, for which his own habitual irresolu-
25 tion deprived him of all sympathy. (He was not critical on the faulty indulgence which preceded these fits ; *that* seemed to him natural enough.) Still there was just the chance, Godfrey thought, that his father's pride might see this marriage in a light that would
30 induce him to hush it up, rather than turn his son out and make the family the talk of the country for ten miles round.

This was the view of the case that Godfrey managed to keep before him pretty closely till midnight, and he went to sleep thinking that he had done with inward debating. But when he awoke in the still morning darkness he found it impossible to reawaken his evening thoughts ; it was as if they had been tired out and were not to be roused to further work. Instead of arguments for confession, he could now feel the presence of nothing but its evil consequences. The old dread of disgrace came back : the old shrinking from the thought of raising a hopeless barrier between himself and Nancy ; the old disposition to rely on chances which might be favorable to him, and save him from betrayal. Why, after all, should he cut off the hope of them by his own act ? He had seen the matter in a wrong light yesterday. He had been in a rage with Dunstan, and had thought of nothing but a thorough break-up of their mutual understanding ; but what it would be really wisest for him to do, was to try and soften his father's anger against Dunsey, and keep things as nearly as possible in their old condition. If Dunsey did not come back for a few days (and Godfrey did not know but that the rascal had enough money in his pocket to enable him to keep away still longer), everything might blow over.

25

2. Thomas Hardy.

Born 1840.

FROM *Far from the Madding Crowd*, CHAPTER I.

[The following passage shows a character in action. Bathsheba Everdene, left alone and, as she thinks, unobserved, acts in

a way thoroughly characteristic of that waywardness and coquetry which distinguishes her in *Far from the Madding Crowd*. The passage, it will be observed, contains bits of analytical generalization and some snatches of description, but the former can readily be separated from the pure action, and the setting is but representative of the delicate charm of Mr. Hardy's novels. The student will find instructive a comparison with Chapter XLV. of the same novel, and, too, with such fiercer moods of character as are represented in stories of adventure like Stevenson's *Treasure Island*.]

THE girl on the summit of the load sat motionless, surrounded by tables and chairs with their legs upwards, backed by an oak settle, and ornamented in front by pots of geraniums, myrtles, and cactuses, together with a caged canary—all probably from the windows of the house just vacated. There was also a cat in a willow basket, from the partly-opened lid of which she gazed with half-closed eyes, and affectionately surveyed the small birds around.

10 The handsome girl waited for some time idly in her place, and the only sound heard in the stillness was the hopping of the canary up and down the perches of its prison. Then she looked attentively downwards. It was not at the bird, nor at the cat; it

15 was at an oblong package tied in paper, and lying between them. She turned her head to learn if the wagoner were coming. He was not yet in sight; and then her eyes crept back to the package, her thoughts seeming to run upon what was inside it.

20 At length she drew the article into her lap, and untied the paper covering; a small swing looking-glass was disclosed, in which she proceeded to survey herself attentively. Then she parted her lips and smiled.

It was a fine morning, and the sun lighted up to a scarlet glow the crimson jacket she wore, and painted a soft lustre upon her bright face and black hair. The myrtles, geraniums, and cactuses packed around her were fresh and green, and at such a leafless season they invested the whole concern of horses, wagon, furniture, and girl, with a peculiar charm of rarity. What possessed her to indulge in such a performance in the sight of the sparrows, blackbirds, and unperceived farmer, who were alone its spectators—whether the smile began as a factitious one, to test her capacity in that art, nobody knows ; it ended certainly in a real smile. She blushed at herself, and seeing her reflection blush, blushed the more.

The change from the customary spot and necessary occasion of such an act—from the dressing hour in a bedroom to a time of travelling out-of-doors—lent to the idle deed a novelty it certainly did not intrinsically possess. The picture was a delicate one. Woman's prescriptive infirmity had stalked into the sunlight, which had invested it with the freshness of an originality. A cynical inference was irresistible by Gabriel Oak as he regarded the scene, generous though he fain would have been. There was no necessity whatever for her looking in the glass. She did not adjust her hat, or pat her hair, or press a dimple into shape, or do one thing to signify that any such intention had been her motive in taking up the glass. She simply observed herself as a fair product of nature in a feminine direction, her expressions seeming to glide into far-off though likely dramas in which men would play a part—vistas of probable

triumphs—the smiles being of a phase suggesting that hearts were imagined as lost and won. Still, this was but conjecture, and the whole series of actions were so idly put forth as to make it rash to assert that
 5 intention had any part in them at all.

The wagoner's steps were heard returning. She put the glass in the paper, and the whole again into its place.

3. George Elliot.

Born 1819. Died 1880.

FROM *Middlemarch*, CHAPTER XLIII.

[Personality also expresses itself in characteristic speech, not only in the ideas, but also in the tone and the vocabulary. The following passage, which is self-explanatory, gives in the words of the speakers the three distinct characters: Will Ladislaw, whimsical and a trifle crabbed; Rosamond Lydgate, shallow, gossipy, fatuous; Lydgate, vigorous and rather rough. It is obvious that the definiteness of impression produced by the words of each speaker is partly due to such qualifying adverbs as *sulkily*, and to the action with which the words are accompanied. The justification for such adverbs and such action, it should be added, is that they are definite, and, unlike conventional phrases in many novels, have something to do with the story.]

WILL re-entered the drawing-room, took up his hat,
 10 and looking irritated as he advanced towards Mrs. Lydgate, who had just seated herself at her work-table, said—

“It is always fatal to have music or poetry interrupted. May I come another day and just finish
 15 about the rendering of ‘Lungi dal caro bene’?”

“I shall be happy to be taught,” said Rosamond.

"But I am sure you admit that the interruption was a very beautiful one. I quite envy your acquaintance with Mrs. Casaubon. Is she very clever? She looks as if she were."

"Really, I never thought about it," said Will, 5
sulkily.

"That is just the answer Tertius gave me, when I first asked him if she were handsome. What is it that you gentlemen are thinking of when you are with Mrs. Casaubon?" 10

"Herself," said Will, not indisposed to provoke the charming Mrs. Lydgate. "When one sees a perfect woman, one never thinks of her attributes—one is conscious of her presence."

"I shall be jealous when Tertius goes to Lowick," 15
said Rosamond, dimpling, and speaking with æry lightness. "He will come back and think nothing of me."

"That does not seem to have been the effect on Lydgate hitherto. Mrs. Casaubon is too unlike other 20
women for them to be compared with her."

"You are a devout worshipper, I perceive. You often see her, I suppose."

"No," said Will, almost pettishly, "worship is usually a matter of theory rather than of practice. 25
But I am practising it to excess just at this moment—I must really tear myself away."

"Pray come again some evening: Mr. Lydgate will like to hear the music, and I cannot enjoy it so well without him." 30

When her husband was at home again, Rosamond said, standing in front of him and holding his

coat-collar with both her hands, "Mr. Ladislaw was here singing with me when Mrs. Casaubon came in. He seemed vexed. Do you think he disliked her seeing him at our house? Surely your position is
5 more than equal to his—whatever may be his relation to the Casaubons."

"No, no; it must have been something else if he were really vexed. Ladislaw is a sort of gypsy; he thinks nothing of leather and prunella."¹

10 "Music apart, he is not always very agreeable. Do you like him?"

"Yes: I think he is a good fellow: rather miscellaneous and *bric-à-brac*, but likable."

"Do you know, I think he adores Mrs. Casaubon."

15 "Poor devil!" said Lydgate, smiling and pinching his wife's ears.

¹ A kind of lasting used for the uppers of shoes. The phrase "leather and prunella" apparently means the high and low grades of social standing.

C. SETTING.

1. William Makepeace Thackeray.

Born 1811. Died 1863.

FROM *Henry Esmond*, BOOK II., CHAPTER IX.

[Aside from mere names and dates, which are often, as in the summary of *Kidnapped* (p. 38), or a great many newspaper narratives, merely names and figures, and which, as regards the ordinary reader, might be interchanged without destroying the sense of a passage, time and place have a definite value in structure, and may be indispensable to clearness. To every reader will occur the time-references and the exact description of place in *Robinson Crusoe*, so invaluable to the clear action of the story; and the time divisions at the head of each book of *Tom Jones*, the excellent use of place-description in the *Personal Memoirs of U. S. Grant*, and the map in *Treasure Island*, are cases in point. The nature of structural place-description is clear in the following passage.]

THE French right was posted near to the village of Blenheim, on the Danube, where the Marshal Tallard's quarters were; their line extending through, it may be a league and a half, before Lutzingen and up to a woody hill, round the base of which, and acting against 5 the Prince of Savoy, were forty of his squadrons.

Here was a village that the Frenchmen had burned, the wood being, in fact, a better shelter and easier of guard than any village.

Before these two villages and the French lines ran a little stream, not more than two foot broad, through a marsh (that was mostly dried up from the heats of the weather), and this stream was the only separation
 5 between the two armies—ours coming up and ranging themselves in line of battle before the French, at six o'clock in the morning; so that our line was quite visible to theirs; and the whole of this great plain was black and swarming with troops for hours before
 10 the cannonading began.

On one side and the other this cannonading lasted many hours. The French guns being in position in front of their line, and doing severe damage among our Horse especially, and on our right wing of
 15 Imperialists under the Prince of Savoy, who could neither advance his artillery nor his lines, the ground before him being cut up by ditches, morasses, and very difficult of passage for the guns.

2. Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Born 1804. Died 1864.

FROM *The Scarlet Letter*,¹ CHAPTER VII.

[In the following passage setting has a far different use. The extract has very little to do with the development of the plot of the novel; indeed, but for the fact that Hester and Pearl went to see the royal governor, it might have been omitted entire. But in the moral symbolism of the story the description is most necessary. Incidentally giving a glimpse of a Colonial house in New England, the details of the description are obviously introduced

¹ Used by the kind permission of, and by arrangement with, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers of *The Scarlet Letter*.

to lead up to the final detail, the burnished helm and breastplate, in which the ever present A is so distorted as at once to suggest the inevitable and growing hideousness of the crime. The effect is heightened and the symbolism brought out more clearly by the maliciousness of Pearl.]

So the mother and little Pearl were admitted into the hall of entrance. With many variations, suggested by the nature of his building-materials, diversity of climate, and a different mode of social life, Governor Bellingham had planned his new habi- 5
tation after the residences of gentlemen of fair estate in his native land. Here, then, was a wide and reasonably lofty hall, extending through the whole depth of the house, and forming a medium of general communication, more or less directly, with all the 10
other apartments. At one extremity, this spacious room was lighted by the windows of the two towers, which formed a small recess on either side of the portal. At the other end, though partly muffled by a curtain, it was more powerfully illuminated by one of 15
those embowed hall-windows which we read of in old books, and which was provided with a deep and cushioned seat. Here, on the cushion, lay a folio tome, probably of the Chronicles of England, or other such substantial literature; even as, in our own days, 20
we scatter gilded volumes on the center-table, to be turned over by the casual guest. The furniture of the hall consisted of some ponderous chairs, the backs of which were elaborately carved with wreaths of oaken flowers; and likewise a table in the same 25
taste; the whole being of Elizabethan age, or perhaps earlier, and heirlooms, transferred hither from the

governor's paternal home. On the table—in token that the sentiment of old English hospitality had not been left behind—stood a large pewter tankard, at the bottom of which, had Hester or Pearl peeped into it, they might have seen the frothy remnant of a recent draught of ale.

On the wall hung a row of portraits, representing the forefathers of the Bellingham lineage, some with armor on their breasts, and others with stately ruffs and robes of peace. All were characterized by the sternness and severity which old portraits so invariably put on ; as if they were the ghosts, rather than the pictures, of departed worthies, and were gazing with harsh and intolerant criticism at the pursuits and enjoyments of living men.

At about the center of the oaken panels that lined the hall was suspended a suit of mail, not, like the pictures, an ancestral relic, but of the most modern date ; for it had been manufactured by a skillful armorer in London the same year in which Governor Bellingham came over to New England. There was a steel headpiece, a cuirass, a gorget, and greaves, with a pair of gauntlets and a sword hanging beneath ; all, and especially the helmet and breastplate, so highly burnished as to glow with white radiance and scatter an illumination everywhere about upon the floor. This bright panoply was not meant for mere idle show, but had been worn by the governor on many a solemn muster and training field, and had glittered, moreover, at the head of a regiment in the Pequod war. For, though bred a lawyer, and accustomed to speak of Bacon, Coke, Noye, and Finch as his professional

associates, the exigencies of this new country had transformed Governor Bellingham into a soldier, as well as a statesman and ruler.

Little Pearl—who was as greatly pleased with the gleaming armor as she had been with the glittering frontispiece of the house—spent some time looking into the polished mirror of the breastplate.

“Mother,” cried she, “I see you here. Look! Look!”

Hester looked, by way of humoring the child; and she saw that, owing to the peculiar effect of this convex mirror, the scarlet letter was represented in exaggerated and gigantic proportions, so as to be greatly the most prominent feature of her appearance. In truth, she seemed absolutely hidden behind it. Pearl pointed upward, also, at a similar picture in the headpiece; smiling at her mother, with the elfish intelligence that was so familiar an expression on her small physiognomy. That look of naughty merriment was likewise reflected in the mirror, with so much breadth and intensity of effect, that it made Hester Prynne feel as if it could not be the image of her own child, but of an imp who was seeking to mold itself into Pearl's shape.

3. George Meredith.

Born 1828.

FROM *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*, CHAPTER XLIII.

[Setting may also serve as an accompaniment to the narrative, and may blend the bare details in one harmony. The very dramatic quality of the passage which follows—it is needless to

call attention to the great skill which such writing requires—is greatly enhanced by the use of setting. The situation is probably clear : Richard Feverel, after an absence from his wife of many months, accidentally learns that he has a son. The passage is characteristic of the power of the author.]

HENCE, fantastic vapours ! What are ye to this ? Where are the dreams of the hero when he learns he has a child ? Nature is taking him to her bosom. She will speak presently. Every domesticated boor
5 in these hills can boast the same, yet marvels the hero at none of his visioned prodigies as he does when he comes to hear of this most common performance. A father ? Richard fixed his eyes as if he were trying to make out the lineaments of his child.

10 Telling Austin he would be back in a few minutes, he sallied into the air, and walked on and on. “ A father ! ” he kept repeating to himself : “ a child ! ” And though he knew it not, he was striking the key-notes of Nature. But he did know of a singular har-
15 mony that suddenly burst over his whole being.¹

The moon was surpassingly bright : the summer air heavy and still. He left the high road and pierced into the forest. His walk was rapid : the leaves on the trees brushed his cheeks ; the dead leaves heaped
20 in the dells noised to his feet. Something of a religious joy—a strange sacred pleasure—was in him. By degrees it wore ; he remembered himself : and

¹ The two sentences sufficiently tell the purpose of the passage. Throughout, Richard and nature are represented in harmony. The wild recklessness, the gathering storm, the breaking of the torrent, the ensuing quiet and beauty of the morning are common to the mind of the man and to his surroundings.

now he was possessed by a proportionate anguish. A father ! he dared never see his child. And he had no longer his phantasies to fall upon. He was utterly bare to his sin. In his troubled mind it seemed to him that Clare looked down on him—Clare who saw 5 him as he was—and that to her eyes it would be infamy for him to go and print his kiss upon his child. Then came stern efforts to command his misery and make the nerves of his face iron.

By the log of an ancient tree half buried in dead 10 leaves of past summers, beside a brook, he halted as one who had reached his journey's end. There he discovered he had a companion in Lady Judith's little dog. He gave the friendly animal a pat of recognition, and both were silent in the forest-silence. 15

It was impossible for Richard to return ; his heart was surcharged. He must advance, and on he footed, the little dog following.

An oppressive slumber hung about the forest-branches. In the dells and on the heights was the 20 same dead heat. Here where the brook tinkled it was no cool-lipped sound, but metallic, and without the spirit of water. Yonder in a space of moonlight on lush grass, the beams were as white fire to sight and feeling. No haze spread around. The valleys were 25 clear, defined to the shadows of their verges ; the distances sharply distinct, and with the colours of day but slightly softened. Richard beheld a roe moving across a slope of sward far out of rifle-mark. The breathless silence was significant, yet the moon shone 30 in a broad blue heaven. Tongue out of mouth trotted the little dog after him ; couched panting when he

stopped an instant ; rose wearily when he started afresh. Now and then a large white night-moth flitted through the dusk of the forest.

On a barren corner of the wooded highland looking
5 inland stood gray topless ruins set in nettles and rank grass-blades. Richard mechanically sat down on the crumbling flints to rest, and listened to the panting of the dog. Sprinkled at his feet were emerald lights : hundreds of glow-worms studded the dark dry ground.
10 He sat and eyed them, thinking not at all. His energies were expended in action. He sat as a part of the ruins, and the moon turned his shadow Westward from the South. Overhead, as she declined, long ripples of silver cloud were imperceptibly steal-
15 ing toward her. They were the van of a tempest. He did not observe them, or the leaves beginning to chatter. When he again pursued his course with his face to the Rhine, a huge mountain appeared to rise sheer over him, and he had it in his mind to scale it.
20 He got no nearer to the base of it for all his vigorous outstepping. The ground began to dip ; he lost sight of the sky. Then heavy thunder-drops struck his cheek, the leaves were singing, the earth breathed, it was black before him and behind. All at once the
25 thunder spoke. The mountain he had marked was bursting over him.

Up started the whole forest in violent fire. He saw the country at the foot of the hills to the bounding Rhine gleam, quiver, extinguished. Then there were
30 pauses ; and the lightning seemed as the eye of heaven, and the thunder as the tongue of heaven, each alternately addressing him ; filling him with awful rapture.

Alone there—sole human creature among the grandeurs and mysteries of storm—he felt the representative of his kind, and his spirit rose, and marched, and exulted, let it be glory, let it be ruin ! Lower down the lightened abysses of air rolled the wrathful crash : then 5 white thrusts of light were darted from the sky, and great curving ferns, seen steadfast in pallor a second, were supernaturally agitated, and vanished. Then a shrill song roused in the leaves and the herbage. Prolonged and louder it sounded, as deeper and heavier 10 the deluge pressed. A mighty force of water satisfied the desire of the earth. Even in this, drenched as he was by the first outpouring, Richard had a savage pleasure. Keeping in motion he was scarcely conscious of the wet, and the grateful breath of the woods 15 was refreshing. Suddenly he stopped short, lifting a curious nostril. He fancied he smelt meadow-sweet.³ He had never seen the flower in Rhineland—never thought of it ; and it would hardly be met with in a forest. He was sure he smelt it fresh in dews. His 20 little companion wagged a miserable wet tail some way in advance. He went on slowly, thinking indistinctly. After two or three steps he stooped and stretched out his hand to feel for the flower, having, he knew not why, a strong wish to verify its growth 25 there. Groping about his hand encountered something warm that started at his touch, and he, with the instinct we have, seized it, and lifted it to look at it.

³ Mr. Meredith's use of short, jerky sentences throughout the scene, and especially in the last paragraph, greatly aids the freshness and vigor of the movement.

The creature was very small, evidently quite young. Richard's eyes, now accustomed to the darkness, were able to discern it for what it was, a tiny leveret, and he supposed that the dog had probably frightened its dam just before he found it. He put the little thing on one hand in his breast, and stepped out rapidly as before.

The rain was now steady ; from every tree a fountain poured. So cool and easy had his mind become that he was speculating on what kind of shelter the birds could find, and how the butterflies and moths saved their coloured wings from washing. Folded close they might hang under a leaf, he thought. Lovingly he looked into the dripping darkness of the coverts on each side, as one of their children. Then he was musing on a strange sensation he experienced. It ran up one arm with an indescribable thrill, but communicated nothing to his heart. It was purely physical, ceased for a time, and recommenced, till he had it all through his blood, wonderfully thrilling. He grew aware that the little thing he carried in his breast was licking his hand there. The small rough tongue going over and over the palm of his hand produced this strange sensation he felt. Now that he knew the cause, the marvel ended ; but now that he knew the cause, his heart was touched and made more of it. The gentle scraping continued without intermission as on he walked. What did it say to him ? Human tongue could not have said so much just then.

A pale gray light on the skirts of the flying tempest displayed the dawn. Richard was walking hurriedly. The green drenched weeds lay all about in his path,

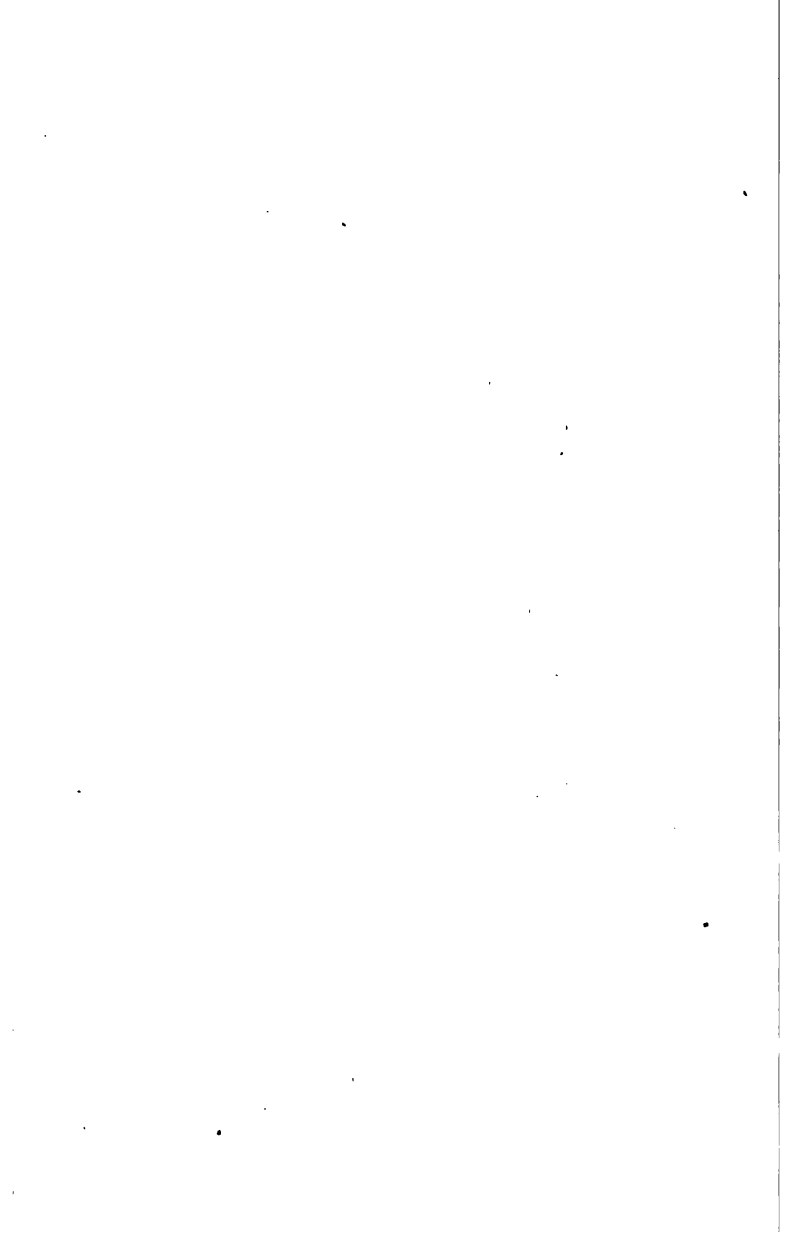
bent thick, and the forest drooped glimmeringly. Impelled as a man who feels a revelation mounting obscurely to his brain, Richard was passing one of those little forest-chapels, hung with votive wreaths, where the peasant halts to kneel and pray. Cold, still, 5 in the twilight it stood, rain-drops pattering round it. He looked within, and saw the Virgin holding her Child. He moved by. But not many steps had he gone ere his strength went out of him, and he shuddered. What was it? He asked not. He was in 10 other hands. Vivid as lightning the Spirit of Life illumined him. He felt in his heart the cry of his child, his darling's touch. With shut eyes he saw them both. They drew him from the depths ; they led him a blind and tottering man. And as they led 15 him he had a sense of purification so sweet he shuddered again and again.

When he looked out from his trance on the breathing world, the small birds hopped and chirped : warm fresh sunlight was over all the hills. He was on the 20 edge of the forest, entering a plain clothed with ripe corn under spacious morning sky.*

* Compare with this and the foregoing passage, the use of "atmosphere" in Poe's *Fall of the House of Usher* and in many places in Dickens' novels : for example, the attempted suicide of Martha in *David Copperfield*.

PART II.

SPECIMENS ILLUSTRATING THE DEVELOP-
MENT OF A NARRATIVE.



DEVELOPMENT OF A NARRATIVE.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

Born 1850. Died 1894.

FROM *Kidnapped*.

[In *Kidnapped* and its sequel, *David Balfour*, Stevenson has furnished excellent material to illustrate the building up of a narrative and the development of the facts to give the necessary consistency and verisimilitude. There are four stages: the title of the story; the rudiments of the story as given on the title page; the summary of the story prefixed to *David Balfour*, and the story itself, of which Chapter X. will serve as an example.]

I. THE TITLE.

[The past participle *Kidnapped* is a plot in its purest form. To anyone familiar with the story the word may vividly suggest the detailed events, but in itself *Kidnapped* does not, like *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, *The Wrecker*, or *Treasure Island*, in any way indicate character, setting, or purpose.]

2. THE TITLE-PAGE.

KIDNAPPED | BEING | MEMOIRS OF THE AD-
VENTURES OF DAVID BALFOUR | IN THE
YEAR 1751 : | *How he was Kidnapped and Cast away ;*
his Sufferings in a Desert Isle ; his Journey in the Wild
Highlands ; his acquaintance with ALAN BRECK

STEWART *and other notorious Highland Jacobites ; with all that he Suffered at the hands of his Uncle, EBENEZER BALFOUR OF SHAWS, falsely so-called : |*
WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

[Here we find the elements of narration in a very rudimentary form. Several events are named, but in so disjointed and desultory a way that the unified action which we call plot is wanting. Each of the clauses contains the germ of a story, but there is no development. Of characters, David, Alan Breck, and Ebenezer are named ; but the names might be interchanged without destroying the sense of the passage, and their relation is hardly indicated. The setting is more noteworthy : the year 1751, six years after Culloden, and the wild Highlands are sufficient to suggest some turbulence ; and to be cast away on a desert isle suggests harrowing circumstances. Purpose remains undefined.]

3. THE SUMMARY.¹

ALEXANDER AND EBENEZER BALFOUR, brothers of the house of Shaws, near Cramond, in the Forest of Ettrick, being in love with the same lady, and she preferring the elder brother, Alexander, it was agreed between them that Alexander should take the lady, and Ebenezer, as amends for his disappointment, the estate of Shaws. Alexander and his wife removed to Essendean, where they lived obscurely—Alexander in the character of village schoolmaster—and where an only son was born to them—namely, David Balfour, the hero of this history. David, brought up in ignorance of the family affairs and his own claim on the

¹ From *David Balfour*. Printed by the kind permission of the publishers, Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.

estates, and losing both parents before he was eighteen, was left with no other fortune than a sealed letter from his father addressed to his uncle Ebenezer. Proceeding to deliver this, he found Ebenezer living
5 childless and a miser at Shaws, who received him ill, and after vainly endeavoring to compass his death, had him trepanned on board the brig *Covenant*, Captain Hoseason, bound to Carolina, to the end that he might be sold to labor in the plantations. But early
10 in the voyage, the *Covenant* running through the Minch, struck and sent to the bottom an open boat, from which there saved himself and came on board one Alan Breck Stewart, a Highland gentleman banished in the '45, and now engaged in smuggling
15 rents from his clansmen, the Appin Stewarts, to their chief Ardshiel, living in exile in France. Hoseason and his crew, learning that Alan had gold about him, conspired to rob and murder him ; but David, being made privy to the plot, put Alan on his guard and
20 promised to stand by him. Favored by the shelter of the round-house, and by Alan's courage and skill of fence, the two got the better of their assailants in the attack which followed, killing or maiming more than half of them ; whereby Captain Hoseason was disabled
25 from prosecuting his voyage, and came to terms with Alan, agreeing to land him on a part of the coast whence he might best make his way to his own country of Appin. But in attempting this the *Covenant* took ground and sank off the coast of Mull. Those on
30 board saved themselves as best they could—David separately, being first cast on the Isle of Earraid, and thence making his way across Mull, where he learned

that Alan had passed before, leaving word that David should follow and rejoin him in his own country at the house of his kinsman, James Stewart of the Glens. On his way to keep this tryst, David found himself in Appin on the same day when the King's Factor, Colin Roy Campbell, of Glenure, came with a force of red-coats to drive out the tenants from the forfeited estates of Ardshiel, and was present when Glenure was slain upon the roadside by a shot out of a neighboring wood. Suspected of complicity at the moment when he was in the act of giving chase to the unknown murderer, David betook himself to flight, and was quickly joined by Alan Breck, who, though he had not fired the shot, was lurking not far off. The two now lived the life of hunted men upon the moors, the outcry on account of the murder being very great, and its guilt being declared to rest on James Stewart of the Glens, the already outlawed Alan Breck, and a lad unknown—being no other than David Balfour, for whose apprehension blood-money was offered and the country scoured by soldiery. At last, after many and hard adventures, David and Alan made their way by Balquhiddy down to the Highland Line and the Forth; which, however, they dared not cross for fear of arrest, until an innkeeper's daughter, Alison Hastie, was prevailed on to row them over to the Lothian shore under cover of night. Here, Alan again going into hiding, David declared himself to Mr. Rankeillor, of Queensferry, lawyer and lately agent to the Shaws estate, who promptly took up his cause and contrived a plan whereby, with the help of Alan, Ebenezer Balfour was compelled to recognize his nephew's title as heir to

the estate, and in the meantime to make him a suitable allowance from its income.

David Balfour, having thus come to his own, proposes to go and complete his education at the University of Leyden, but must first satisfy the claims of friendship by helping Alan out of Scotland; and of conscience by testifying to the innocence of James Stewart of the Glens, now a prisoner, awaiting his trial for the Appin murder.

[In the foregoing summary the five episodes are linked together in a continuous whole, and there have been added two facts not suggested in the version of the title-page, the preamble, which takes the story back to the beginning, and of which the completed story itself makes small mention, and the closing paragraph which introduces *David Balfour*. In this summary the order of the five episodes is somewhat changed and the proportions are altered: David's acquaintance with Alan Breck Stewart begins before he is cast away, is interrupted by the few days on the island, continues through the journey in the Highlands, and, as is seen in the last paragraph, does not end even with the close of the story. So, too, David's sufferings at the hands of his uncle are not confined to the last episode, but begin with the story and are the cause of everything that follows. As regards the proportions, too, it will be seen that the casting away on the island occupies only a very small part of the narrative, the relation between David and Alan a very large part. The first great gain, then, of the summary over the title-page has been in the defining of the relative proportions of these episodes and their relations one to another. Furthermore, the coherence and continuity of events are made clear; there is more unity of action, though it should be said that this unity is largely of time,—the events take place in the year 1751,—for the dependence of one event upon another is not inevitable. The characters are still scarcely more than names; and the same stricture applies to the situation, except in so far as lawlessness and oppression are suggested by Scotland

in the year 1751. At this point, then, the story has congruity, but, owing to the lack of definiteness in character and situation, little verisimilitude. The style is rather stiff and prolix, and it makes the story, except as a stage in the building up of the plan, rather uninteresting.

A word should be added in regard to the structure of the story, particularly concerning the relations of cause and effect. It is a series of accidents and escapes. David, through his inexperience, falls into the power of his uncle and is trepanned on board the brig. With the help of Alan he extricates himself from the difficulty, but in so doing falls into another: the brig, destitute of hands, runs aground, and David is cast ashore on a desert island. The escape from this leads him into a worse danger: he is suspected of complicity in the murder of Glenure, and extricates himself only through hardships. When finally he returns, there are other obstacles to encounter before he can do as he likes; he has a duty and an office of friendship to perform for the man who had helped him escape. In other words, before he can entirely free himself from the consequences of his inexperience and his uncle's villainy, he has to pass through a series of dangers, the one rising out of the escape from the other. The power of the pursuing fate is broken only when in his wanderings he has gained enough experience—aided by circumstances—to learn to foresee and control events. Such an outcome, it will be seen from the summary, is not found at the end of *Kidnapped*; there is but a momentary lull, and even at the end of *David Balfour*, luck is possibly the ruler. The interest of the summary, then, lies in the events themselves as one leads into another, rather than in the development of the hero's character.]

4. CHAPTER X. THE SIEGE OF THE ROUND-HOUSE.¹

BUT now our time of truce was come to an end.² Those on deck had waited for my coming till they

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²A word in regard to the situation is necessary. As is

grew impatient ; and scarce had Alan spoken, when the captain showed face in the open door.

"Stand!" cried Alan, and pointed his sword at him. The captain stood, indeed ; but he neither
5 winced nor drew back a foot."

explained in the summary, the captain learning of the money which Alan carried about him, determined to obtain it by murdering his accidental passenger. A difficulty occurred in that all the arms, except a few cutlasses, were in the round-house where Alan then was, and could not be got at by any of the crew without exciting suspicion. While the captain and the mate were devising means to lure Alan from the round-house, David, who had been sent by Alan to fetch the key of the wine-chest from the captain, stepped up, and seeing their base plot, pretended to lend himself as an agent for getting the arms. As the nature of his errand would not arouse suspicion, the captain and the mate gladly consented. But, on his return, David told Alan the whole plot ; and immediately the two prepared to defend the round-house. The captain, at length impatient of David's delay, determined to investigate.

"The captain's actions and words, no less than those of Alan, which follow, are characteristic of the bravado. The brutal self-possession of the captain shows in all his acts, particularly in his treatment of David, and nowhere better than in the following passage, his first words to Alan after the latter came on board :

" 'I'm vexed, sir, about the boat,' says the captain.

" 'There are some pretty men gone to the bottom,' said the stranger, 'that I would rather see on the dry land again than half a score of boats.'

" 'Friends of yours?' said Hoseason.

" 'You have none such friends in your country,' was the reply.

" 'They would have died for me like dogs.'

" 'Well, sir,' said the captain, still watching him, 'there are more men in the world than boats to put them in.'

" 'And that's true, too!' cried the other ; 'and ye seem to be a gentleman of great penetration.'

"A naked sword?" says he. "This is a strange return for hospitality."

"Do you see me?" said Alan. "I am come of kings; I bear a king's name. My badge is the oak. Do ye see my sword? It has slashed the heads off 5 mair Whigamores than you have toes upon your feet. Call up your vermin to your back, sir, and fall on! The sooner the clash begins, the sooner ye'll taste this steel throughout your vitals." 4

" 'I have been in France, sir,' says the captain; so that it was plain he meant more by the words than showed upon the face of them.

" 'Well, sir,' says the other, 'and so has many a pretty man, for the matter of that.'

" 'No doubt, sir,' says the captain; 'and fine coats.'

" 'Oho!' says the stranger, 'is that how the wind sets?' And he laid his hand quickly on his pistols.

" 'Don't be hasty,' said the captain. 'Don't do a mischief, before ye see the need for it. Ye've a French soldier's coat upon your back and a Scotch tongue in your head, to be sure; but so has many an honest fellow in these days, and I daresay none the worse of it.'"—(Chapter IX., pp. 78-79.)

4 The specificness and figurative vigor of Alan's language are characteristic. As Alan is the most interesting personality in *Kidnapped*, it may be well at this point to call attention to some of his traits, and to show the methods by which Stevenson introduces him. He first appears in the passage immediately preceding that quoted in note 3.

"The captain was in the right of it. We had run down a boat in the fog, and she had parted in the midst and gone to the bottom with all her crew, but one. This man (as I heard afterward) had been sitting in the stern as a passenger, while the rest were on the benches rowing. At the moment of the blow, the stern had been thrown into the air, and the man (having his hands free, and for all he was encumbered with a frieze overcoat that

The captain said nothing to Alan, but he looked over at me with an ugly look. "David," said he, "I'll mind this"; and the sound of his voice went through me with a jar.

came below his knees) had leaped up and caught hold of the brig's bowsprit. It showed he had luck and much agility and unusual strength, that he should have thus saved himself from such a pass. And yet, when the captain brought him into the round-house, and I set eyes on him for the first time, he looked as cool as I did.

"He was smallish in stature, but well set and as nimble as a goat; his face was of a good open expression, but sunburnt very dark, and heavily freckled and pitted with the smallpox; his eyes were unusually light and had a kind of dancing madness in them that was both engaging and alarming; and when he took off his great-coat, he laid a pair of fine, silver-mounted pistols on the table, and I saw that he was belted with a great sword. His manners, besides, were elegant, and he pledged the captain handsomely. Altogether I thought of him, at the first sight, that here was a man I would rather call my friend than my enemy.

"The captain, too, was taking his observations, but rather of the man's clothes than his person. And to be sure, as soon as he had taken off the great-coat, he showed forth mighty fine for the round-house of a merchant brig: having a hat with feathers, a red waistcoat, breeches of black plush, and a blue coat with silver buttons and handsome silver lace: costly clothes, though somewhat spoiled with the fog and being slept in."—(Chapter IX., pp. 77-78.)

In the same chapter, a little later, in his talk with David as the two are arming, his vanity and family pride are not quelled in the face of the danger: he rebukes David for mentioning his connection with the family of Shaws, as if they could be named in presence of a Stewart. In the chapter here selected other traits come out by word and by action: his delight in combat (page 49, line 29); his fierceness (page 52, line 30); his childish joy and quaint conceit (page 53, line 28); his kindness (page 55, line 17) to his friend, one of his most constant traits, and his loyalty (page 55, line 20).

Next moment he was gone.

"And now," said Alan, "let your hand keep your head, for the grip is coming."

Alan drew a dirk, which he held in his left hand in case they should run in under his sword. I, on my part, clambered up into the berth with an armful of pistols and something of a heavy heart, and set open the window where I was to watch. It was a small part of the deck that I could overlook, but enough for our purpose. The sea had gone down, and the wind was steady and kept the sails quiet; so that there was a great stillness in the ship, in which I made sure I heard the sound of muttering voices.⁵ A little after,

⁵ The lines describing the stillness of the sea may be taken as enhancing the effect of the lull just before the attack. Little touches of this sort are not infrequent in the story.

Attention should be called at this point to the specific details of the setting. The time of the fight adds to the horror of it. The accident which set Alan at the mercy of the ruffian crew occurred in the afternoon (Chapter IX., page 76), toward the end of June (Chapter I., page 1), and the last attack on the round-house took place in the dark (page 51, line 12). The day continued foggy and damp to its close, but towards evening the wind had gone down, leaving a sea-swell (Chapter IX., page 83). The event which enabled David to overhear the plot was Alan's calling for wine to go with the evening meal; and we also learn that before the end of David's watch, which closed six hours after the fight, "it was broad day and a very quiet morning" (page 55, line 26). The attacks, then, came with the darkness, a dubious time for the two besieged men.

More important is the place setting. From the chapter quoted, and from that alone, one could not get an accurate notion of the details of the fight, and on its accurate setting depends much of its vividness. Obviously, any lengthy digression describing the

and there came a clash of steel upon the deck, by which I knew they were dealing out the cutlasses, and one had been let fall ; and after that silence again.

I do not know if I was what you call afraid ; but
5 my heart beat like a bird's, both quick and little ; and there was a dimness came before my eyes which I

round-house would, at this point of the story, ruin the briskness of the movement. The difficulty has been overcome by the description of the round-house under other circumstances. The three following passages will show that the situation has really been prepared for beforehand :

1. " The round-house, for which I was bound and where I was now to sleep and serve, stood some six feet above the decks, and, considering the size of the brig, was of good dimensions. Inside were a fixed table and bench, and two berths, one for the captain and the other for the two mates, turn and turn about. It was all fitted with lockers from top to bottom, so as to stow away the officers' belongings and a part of the ship's stores ; there was a second store-room underneath, which you entered by a hatchway in the middle of the deck ; indeed, all the best of the meat and drink, and the whole of the powder, were collected in this place ; and all the firearms, except the two pieces of brass ordnance, were set in a rack in the aftermost wall of the round-house. The most of the cutlasses were in another place.

" A small window with a shutter on each side, and a skylight in the roof, gave it light by day ; and after dark there was a lamp always burning. It was burning when I entered, not brightly, but enough to show Mr. Shuan sitting at the table, with a brandy bottle and a tin pannikin in front of him. He was a tall man, strongly made and very black ; and he stared before him on the table like one stupid.—(Chapter VIII., pp. 69-70.)

This passage has particular bearing on the details of the fight, as found on page 46, line 6, and page 51, line 21, of the selection.

2. " And having administered this rebuke, as though it were

continually rubbed away, and which continually returned. As for hope, I had none ; but only a darkness of despair and a sort of anger against all the world that made me long to sell my life as dear as I was able. I tried to pray, I remember, but that same hurry of my mind, like a man running, would not

something of a chief importance, he [Alan] turned to examine our defenses.

“The round-house was built very strong, to support the breachings of the seas. Of its five apertures, only the skylight and the two doors were large enough for the passage of a man. The doors, besides, could be drawn close: they were of stout oak, and ran in grooves, and were fitted with hooks to keep them either shut or open, as the need arose. The one that was already shut I secured in this fashion ; but when I was proceeding to slide the other, Alan stopped me.”—(Chapter IX., page 85.)

The passage bears especially on the situation as described on page 49, line 15, of the selection.

3. “‘But then, sir,’ said I, ‘there is the door behind you, which they may perhaps break in.’

“‘Ay,’ said he, ‘and that is a part of your work. No sooner the pistols charged, than ye must climb up into yon bed where ye’re handy at the window ; and if they lift hand against the door, ye’re to shoot. But that’s not all. Let’s make a bit of a soldier of ye, David. What else have ye to guard?’

“‘There’s the skylight,’ said I. ‘But indeed, Mr. Stewart, I would need to have eyes upon both sides to keep the two of them ; for when my face is at the one, my back is to the other.’

“‘And that’s very true,’ said Alan. ‘But have ye no ears to your head?’

“‘To be sure!’ cried I. ‘I must hear the bursting of the glass!’

“‘Ye have some rudiments of sense,’ said Alan, grimly.”—(Chapter IX., pp. 88–89.)

Compare the working out of the situation on page 51, line 21, of the selection.

suffer me to think upon the words ; and my chief wish was to have the thing begin and be done with it.

It came all of a sudden when it did, with a rush of feet and a roar, and then a shout from Alan, and a
5 sound of blows and someone crying out as if hurt. I looked back over my shoulder, and saw Mr. Shuan in the doorway, crossing blades with Alan.

"That's him that killed the boy !" I cried.

"Look to your window !" said Alan ; and as I
10 turned back to my place, I saw him pass his sword through the mate's body.

It was none too soon for me to look to my own part ; for my head was scarce back at the window before five men, carrying a square yard for a battering-ram, ran
15 past me and took post to drive the door in. I had never fired with a pistol in my life, and not often with a gun ; far less against a fellow-creature. But it was now or never ; and just as they swang the yard, I cried out, "Take that !" and shot into their midst.

20 I must have hit one of them, for he sang out and gave back a step, and the rest stopped as if a little disconcerted. Before they had time to recover, I sent another ball over their heads ; and at my third shot (which went as wide as the second) the whole party
25 threw down the yard and ran for it.

Then I looked round again into the deck-house. The whole place was full of the smoke of my own firing, just as my ears seemed to be burst with the noise of the shots. But there was Alan, standing as
30 before ; only now his sword was running blood to the hilt, and himself so swelled with triumph and fallen into so fine an attitude, that he looked to be invin-

cible. Right before him on the floor was Mr. Shuan, on his hands and knees ; the blood was pouring from his mouth, and he was sinking slowly lower, with a terrible, white face ; and just as I looked, some of those from behind caught hold of him by the heels 5 and dragged him bodily out of the round-house. I believe he died as they were doing it.

"There's one of your Whigs for ye !" cried Alan ; and then turning to me, he asked if I had done much execution. 10

I told him I had winged one, and thought it was the captain.

"And I've settled two," says he. "No, there's not enough blood let ; they'll be back again. To your watch, David. This was but a dram before meat." 15

I settled back to my place, recharging the three pistols I had fired, and keeping watch with both eye and ear.

Our enemies were disputing not far off upon the deck, and that so loudly that I could hear a word or 20 two above the washing of the seas.

"It was Shuan bauchled* it," I heard one say.

And another answered him with a "Wheesht, man ! He's paid the piper."

After that the voices fell again into the same mut- 25 tering as before. Only now, one person spoke most of the time, as though laying down a plan, and first one and then another answered him briefly, like men taking orders. By this, I made sure they were coming on again, and told Alan. 30

"It's what we have to pray for," said he. "Unless

* Bungled.—Stevenson.

we can give them a good distaste of us, and done with it, there'll be nae sleep for either you or me. But this time, mind, they'll be in earnest."

By this, my pistols were ready, and there was nothing to do but listen and wait. While the brush lasted, I had not the time to think if I was frightened; but now, when all was still again, my mind ran upon nothing else. The thought of the sharp swords and the cold steel was strong in me; and presently, when I began to hear stealthy steps and a brushing of men's clothes against the round-house wall, and knew they were taking their places in the dark, I could have found it in my mind to cry out aloud.⁷

All this was upon Alan's side; and I had begun to think my share of the fight was at an end, when I heard some one drop softly on the roof above me.

Then there came a single call on the sea-pipe, and that was the signal. A knot of them made one rush of it, cutlass in hand, against the door; and at the same moment, the glass of the skylight was dashed in a thousand pieces, and a man leaped through and landed on the floor. Before he got his feet, I had clapped a pistol to his back, and might have shot him, too; only at the touch of him (and him alive)

⁷ It will be observed that while the fighting is in progress nothing interferes with the action as seen through David's eyes. The crude, half-formulated fear of the intervals of quiet in no way interrupts the rush of the following passage, but serves to make it more striking in comparison with the preceding suspense. Compare, for the point of view, the paragraphs immediately following, which narrate David's encounter with the sailor.

my whole flesh misgave me, and I could no more pull the trigger than I could have flown.

He had dropped his cutlass as he jumped, and when he felt the pistol, whipped straight round and laid hold of me, roaring out an oath ; and at that 5 either my courage came again, or I grew so much afraid as came to the same thing ; for I gave a shriek and shot him in the midst of the body. He gave the most horrible, ugly groan and fell to the floor. The foot of the second fellow, whose legs were dangling 10 through the skylight, struck me at the same time upon the head ; and at that I snatched another pistol and shot this one through the thigh, so that he slipped through and tumbled in a lump on his companion's body. There was no talk of missing, any more than 15 there was time to aim ; I clapped the muzzle to the very place and fired.

I might have stood and stared at them for long, but I heard Alan shout as if for help, and that brought me to my senses. 20

He had kept the door so long ; but one of the seamen, while he was engaged with others, had run in under his guard and caught him about the body. Alan was dirking him with his left hand, but the fellow clung like a leech. Another had broken in and 25 had his cutlass raised. The door was thronged with their faces. I thought we were lost, and catching up my cutlass, fell on them in flank.

But I had not time to be of help. The wrestler dropped at last ; and Alan, leaping back to get his 30 distance, ran upon the others like a bull, roaring as he went. They broke before him like water, turning, and

running, and falling one against another in their haste. The sword in his hands flashed like quicksilver into the huddle of our fleeing enemies ; and at every flash there came the scream of a man hurt. I was still
5 thinking we were lost, when lo ! they were all gone, and Alan was driving them along the deck as a sheep-dog chases sheep.

Yet he was no sooner out than he was back again, being as cautious as he was brave ; and meanwhile
10 the seamen continued running and crying out as if he was still behind them ; and we heard them tumble one upon another into the fore-castle, and clap-to the hatch upon the top.

The round-house was like a shambles ; three were
15 dead inside, another lay in his death agony across the threshold ; and there were Alan and I victorious and unhurt.

He came up to me with open arms. "Come to my arms !" he cried, and embraced and kissed me hard
20 upon both cheeks. "David," said he, "I love you like a brother. And O, man," he cried in a kind of ecstasy, "am I no a bonny fighter ?"

Thereupon he turned to the four enemies, passed his sword clean through each of them, and tumbled
25 them out of doors one after the other. As he did so, he kept humming and singing and whistling to himself, like a man trying to recall an air ; only what *he* was trying, was to make one. All the while, the flush was in his face, and his eyes were as bright as a five-year-
30 old child's with a new toy. And presently he sat down upon the table, sword in hand ; the air that he was making all the time began to run a little clearer, and

then clearer still ; and then out he burst with a great voice into a Gaelic song.

I have translated it here, not in verse (of which I have no skill) but at least in the king's English. He sang it often afterwards, and the thing became popular ; 5 so that I have heard it, and had it explained to me, many's the time.

This is the song of the sword of Alan :

The smith made it,

The fire set it ;

10

Now it shines in the hand of Alan Breck.

Their eyes were many and bright,

Swift were they to behold,

Many the hands they guided :

The sword was alone.

15

The dun deer troop over the hill,

They are many, the hill is one ;

The dun deer vanish,

The hill remains.

Come to me from the hills of heather,

20

Come from the isles of the sea.

O far-beholding eagles,

Here is your meat.

Now this song which he made (both words and music) in the hour of our victory, is something less 25 than just to me, who stood beside him in the tussle. Mr. Shuan and five more were either killed outright or thoroughly disabled ; but of these, two fell by my hand, the two that came by the skylight. Four more were hurt, and of that number, one (and he not the 30 least important) got his hurt from me. So that, altogether, I did my fair share both of the killing and the

wounding, and might have claimed a place in Alan's verses.⁸ But poets (as a very wise man once told me) have to think upon their rhymes ; and in good prose talk, Alan always did me more than justice.

5 In the meanwhile, I was innocent of any wrong being done me. For not only I knew no word of Gaelic ; but what with the long suspense of the waiting, and the scurry and strain of our two spirits of fighting, and more than all, the horror I had of some
10 of my own share in it, the thing was no sooner over than I was glad to stagger to a seat. There was that tightness on my chest that I could hardly breathe ; the thought of the two men I had shot sat upon me like a nightmare ; and all upon a sudden, and before I had a
15 guess of what was coming, I began to sob and cry like any child.

Alan clapped my shoulder, and said I was a brave lad and wanted nothing but a sleep.

"I'll take the first watch," said he. "You've done
20 well by me, David, first and last ; and I wouldn't lose you for all Appin—no, nor for Breadalbane."

So he made up my bed on the floor, and took the first spell, pistol in hand and sword on knee ; three hours by the captain's watch upon the wall. Then he
25 roused me up, and I took my turn of three hours ; before the end of which it was broad day, and a very quiet morning, with a smooth, rolling sea that tossed the ship and made the blood run to and fro on the round-house floor, and a heavy rain that drummed

⁸ A touch of David's vanity. The student should note that the trait of character herein suggested foreshadows the quarrel in Chapter XXIV.

upon the roof. All my watch there was nothing stirring; and by the banging of the helm, I knew they had even no one at the tiller. Indeed (as I learned afterward) there were so many of them hurt or dead, and the rest in so ill a temper, that Mr. Riach⁹ and the captain had to take turn and turn (like Alan and me), or the brig might have gone ashore and nobody the wiser. It was a mercy the night had fallen so still, for the wind had gone down as soon as the rain began. Even as it was, I judged by the wailing of a great number of gulls that went crying and fishing round the ship, that she must have drifted pretty near the coast or one of the islands of the Hebrides; and at last, looking out of the door of the round-house, I saw the great stone hills of Skye on the right hand, and, a little more astern, the strange isle of Rum.

[In sum, what has been gained in Chapter X. over the preceding versions of the story? The chapter is an expansion of the words of the summary: "Favored by the shelter of the round-house, and by Alan's courage and skill of fence, the two got the better of their assailants in the attack which followed, killing or maiming more than half of them," a plain narrative statement of fact. In general the chapter has more congruity, more vividness, more verisimilitude, more interest, than the summary; but how have these been obtained? The answer may best be made categorical.

Plot. The general statement that Alan and David defeated their assailants, has become a detailed account of the specific incidents which go to make up the defeat. The specificness of the language should be noted: Alan does not fight with Shuan, he "crosses blades" with him; David does not see him kill the mate

⁹ The second officer of the brig and one of the leaders in the assault.

but sees him "pass his sword through the mate's body"; and later David does not say that Shuan died, but describes his last appearance; "on his hands and knees; the blood flowing from his mouth . . . sinking slowly lower, with a terrible white face"; David does not hear that Shuan has died, but he hears someone say, "Wheesht, man! He's paid the piper." This increased detail in the incident, and the specific quality of the language in recounting the incidents are the secret of the remarkable vividness of the scene. The value of specific words to lively narrative cannot be too often insisted on.

Character. In the summary the only relevant trait of character was Alan's courage, coupled with his skill of fence. In the fight we are not told that Alan is courageous or that he is a skillful fencer, but his words and his acts are those of a courageous man; and his skill of fence is shown in his movements, as when he leaps back to get his distance. Moreover, other qualities are added: his boyish joy and exultation, his kind-heartedness; and all these through what he does. The methods, then, by which his personality is set forth are essentially of the narrative kind, action and words; and, just as in life we get our notions of people through what they do and say, so here action and speech rather than any description and analysis give the story its life. This vividness is again obtained by the specificness of the details.

Setting. As has been pointed out in the fifth foot-note, the situation is carefully worked out in such a way as not only not to interfere with the action of the story but to enhance it. The situation is chiefly of the purely structural sort; but descriptive touches now and then are introduced to heighten the dramatic effect—not enough, however, in any way to interfere with the main interest of the story, its action.

Purpose. This is of the simplest sort—to spin an interesting yarn and, possibly, to give by it a sketch of Scotch life in the last century. The interest, however, lies in the plot, in the events for the sake of the events, and to this interest must be subordinate all interest in character and local coloring. He who would attempt to find in *Kidnapped*, or in a thousand other good stories, any attempt to teach moral lessons would go astray. Like much of life itself, the story conveys no lesson.

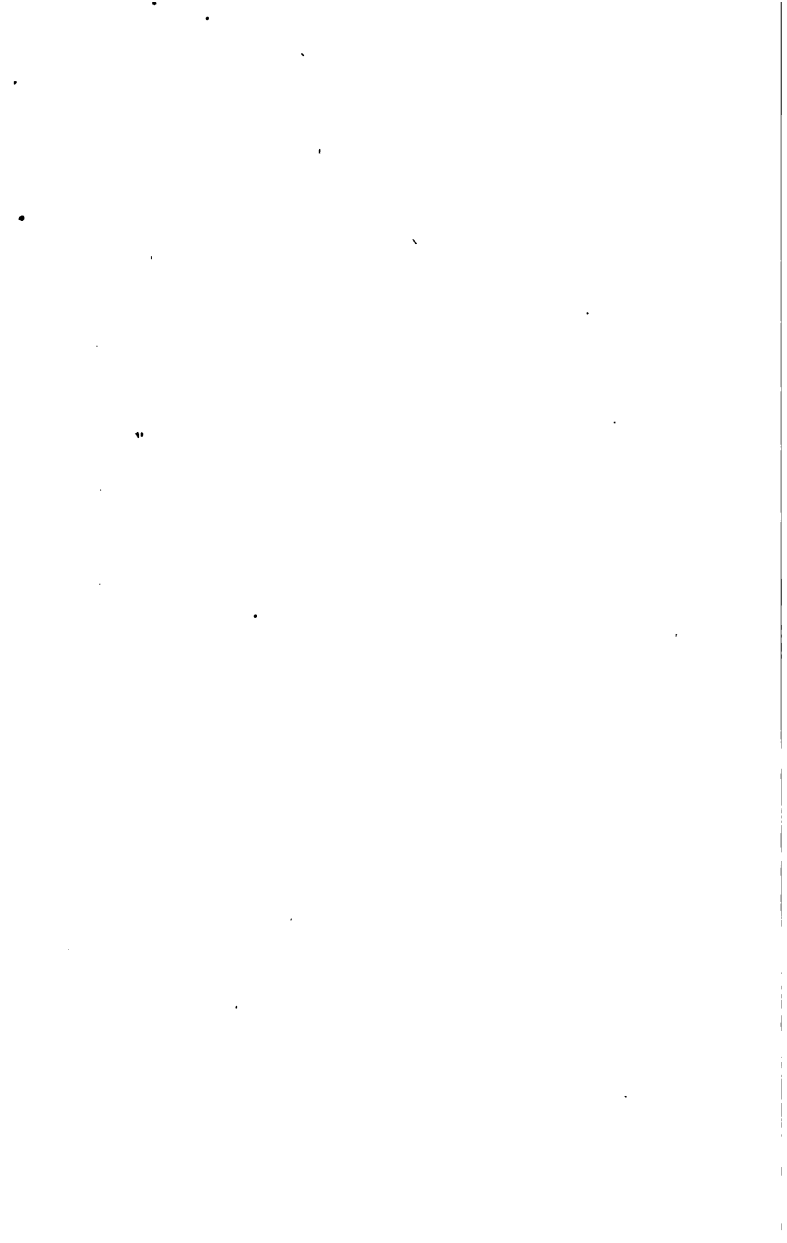
A word is necessary in regard to certain of the so-called principles of composition which are illustrated in the chapter. Just as the events of the whole story, which is really a fragment, are the adventures of David Balfour in the year 1751, and have, as it were, a chronological unity, so the episode of the round-house deals with one fairly complete unit. The episode, of course, can hardly stand alone,—the explanation of certain situations is necessary,—but there is no matter irrelevant to the interest of the situation—the final triumphant escape from the captain and his crew. The unity of impression is kept by telling the story from a single point of view. The distinctness of that point of view is the secret of the fine coherence of the passage—throughout David is telling the story as he saw it; and he tells nothing which did not come under the observation of his own senses. The steadiness with which this point of view is maintained keeps out all digressions, long or short; it forces back to earlier parts of the narrative many details of situation, and this act of itself links the episode with the preceding parts of the narrative. How one event of the story leads into another is shown by the summary of the situations on page 42.

Though straightforward narrative, there is a certain noteworthy suspense in the movement. The accumulation of details just before each attack checks the action enough to heighten the effect; the attack “comes with a rush when it does come,” and is soon over; it is the “think first, fight afterward” of *Childe Roland*.

The student is advised to examine stories for the details of construction. Material will be found in the pages which follow. Much excellent matter is furnished in Stevenson's narratives, particularly in the *New Arabian Nights*, *The Dynamiter*, *Treasure Island*, *The Master of Ballantrae* and *The Wrecker*, in Scott's *Waverley Novels*, in Poe's *Tales*, in Mr. Kipling's *Plain Tales from the Hills*, and in the short stories of the modern French writers.]

PART III.

SPECIMENS ILLUSTRATING THE KINDS OF NARRATIVE.



KINDS OF NARRATIVE.

Henry Fielding.

Born 1707. Died 1754.

FROM THE *Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon*.¹

[The test of good personal narrative is the truth with which it represents the author's character. Says Lowell,² "We may read Fielding's character clearly in his books, for it is not complex, but especially in his *Voyage to Lisbon*, where he reveals it with artless inadvertence. . . He was courageous, gentle, thoroughly conscious of his own dignity as a gentleman, and able to make that dignity respected." These qualities are well shown in the apparently odd triviality of the details of the voyage which he took in 1754, in the hope of curing his grievous malady, the dropsy, or at least of prolonging his life.

The text is that of the Chiswick Press, edited by Mr. Austin Dobson.]

Saturday, July 13. The wind seeming likely to continue in the same corner, where it had been almost constantly for two months together, I was persuaded by my wife to go ashore, and stay at Ryde till
5 we sailed. I approved the motion much ; for, though I am a great lover of the sea, I now fancied there was more pleasure in breathing the fresh air of the land ; but, how to get thither was the question : for, being really that dead luggage which I considered all pas-

¹ Appeared posthumously in 1755.

² *Prose Works*, vol. vi, p. 66. Riverside Press, 1892

sengers to be in the beginning of this narrative, and incapable of any bodily motion without external impulse, it was in vain to leave the ship, or to determine to do it, without the assistance of others. In one instance, perhaps, the living luggage is more difficult 5 to be moved, or removed, than an equal or much superior weight of dead matter; which, if of the brittle kind, may indeed be liable to be broken through negligence, but this, by proper care, may be almost certainly prevented; whereas the fractures to 10 which the living lumps are exposed, are sometimes by no caution avoidable, and often by no art to be amended.

I was deliberating on the means of conveyance, not so much out of the ship to the boat, as out of a little 15 tottering boat to the land. A matter which, as I had already experienced in the Thames, was not extremely easy, when to be performed by any other limbs than your own. Whilst I weighed all that could suggest itself on this head, without strictly 20 examining the merit of the several schemes which were advanced by the captain and sailors, and indeed, giving no very deep attention even to my wife, who, as well as her friend and my daughter, were exerting their tender concern for my ease and safety; fortune, 25 for I am convinced she had a hand in it, sent me a present of a buck; a present welcome enough of itself, but more welcome on account of the vessel in which it came, being a large hoy, which in some places would pass for a ship, and many people would go 30 some miles to see the sight. I was pretty easily conveyed on board this hoy, but to get from hence to the

shore was not so easy a task ; for, however strange it may appear, the water itself did not extend so far ; an instance which seems to explain those lines of Ovid,

“ Omnia Pontus erant, deerant quoque littora Ponto,” ¹

5 in a less tautological sense, than hath generally been imputed to them.

In fact, between the sea and the shore, there was, at low water, an impassable gulph, if I may so call it, of deep mud, which could neither be traversed by
10 walking or swimming, so that for near one half of the twenty-hour hours, Ryde was inaccessible by friend or foe. But as the magistrates of this place seemed more to desire the company of the former, than to fear that of the latter, they had begun to make a
15 small causeway to the low water mark, so that foot passengers might land whenever they pleased ; but as this work was of a public kind, and would have cost a large sum of money, at least ten pounds, and the magistrates, that is to say, the churchwardens, the
20 overseers, constable and tithingman, and the principal inhabitants, had every one of them some separate scheme of private interest to advance at the expence of the public, they fell out among themselves ; and after having thrown away one half of the requisite
25 sum, resolved, at least, to save the other half, and rather be contented to sit down losers themselves, than to enjoy any benefit which might bring in a greater profit to another. Thus that unanimity, which is so necessary in all public affairs, became wanting, and

¹ It was all sea ; and there were no shores to the sea.

every man, from the fear of being a bubble to another, was, in reality, a bubble to himself.

However, as there is scarce any difficulty, to which the strength of men, assisted with the cunning of art, is not equal, I was at last hoisted into a small boat, 5 and being rowed pretty near the shore, was taken up by two sailors, who waded with me through the mud, and placed me in a chair on the land, whence they afterward conveyed me a quarter of a mile farther, and brought me to a house, which seemed to bid the fairest 10 for hospitality of any in Ryde.

We brought with us our provisions from the ship, so that we wanted nothing but a fire to dress our dinner, and a room in which we might eat it. In neither of these had we any reason to apprehend a disappoint- 15 ment, our dinner consisting only of beans and bacon, and the worst apartment in his majesty's dominions being fully sufficient to answer our present ideas of delicacy.

Unluckily, however, we were disappointed in both ; 20 for when we arrived about four at our inn, exulting in the hopes of immediately seeing our beans smoking on the table, we had the mortification of seeing them on the table indeed, but without that circumstance which would have made the sight agreeable, being in the 25 same state in which we had dispatched them from our ship.

In excuse for this delay, tho' we had exceeded, almost purposely, the time appointed, and our provision had arrived three hours before, the mistress of 30 the house acquainted us, that it was not for want of time to dress them that they were not ready, but for

fear of their being cold or over-done before we should come ; which she assured us was much worse than waiting a few minutes for our dinner. An observation so very just, that it is impossible to find any
5 objection in it ; but indeed it was not altogether so proper at this time : for we had given the most absolute orders to have them ready at four, and had been ourselves, not without much care and difficulty, most exactly punctual in keeping to the very minute of our
10 appointment. But tradesmen, inn-keepers, and servants never care to indulge us in matters contrary to our true interest, which they always know better than ourselves, nor can any bribes corrupt them to go out of their way, whilst they are consulting our good in
15 our own despatch.

Our disappointment in the other particular, in defiance of our humility, as it was more extraordinary, was more provoking. In short, Mrs. Humphrys no sooner received the news of our intended arrival, than
20 she considered more the gentility than the humanity of her guests, and applied herself not to that which kindles, but to that which extinguishes fire, and forgetting to put on her pot, fell to washing her house.

As the messenger who had brought my venison was
25 impatient to be dispatched, I ordered it to be brought and laid on the table, in the room where I was seated ; and the table not being large enough, one side, and a very bloody one, was laid on the brick floor. I then ordered Mrs. Humphrys to be called in, in order to
30 give her instructions concerning it ; in particular, what I would have roasted, and what baked ; concluding that she would be highly pleased with the prospect

of so much money being spent in her house, as she might have now reason to expect, if the wind continued only a few days longer to blow from the same points whence it had blown for several weeks past.

I soon saw good cause, I must confess, to despise 5 my own sagacity. Mrs. Humphrys having received her orders, without making any answer, snatched the side from the floor, which remained stained with blood, and bidding a servant take up that on the table, left the room with no pleasant countenance, 10 muttering to herself, that had she known the litter which was to have been made, she would not have taken such pains to wash her house that morning. "If this was gentility, much good may it do such gentlefolks, for her part she had no notion of it!" 15

From these murmurs I received two hints. The one, that it was not from a mistake of our inclination that the good woman had starved us, but from wisely consulting her own dignity, or rather, perhaps, her vanity, to which our hunger was offered up as a sacri- 20 fice. The other, that I was now sitting in a damp room; a circumstance, which, tho' it had hitherto escaped my notice, from the colour of the bricks, was by no means to be neglected in a valetudinary state.

My wife, who, besides discharging excellently well 25 her own, and all the tender offices becoming the female character; who besides being a faithful friend, an amiable companion, and a tender nurse, could likewise supply the wants of a decrepit husband, and occasionally perform his part, had, before this, dis- 30 covered the immoderate attention to neatness in Mrs. Humphrys, and provided against its ill consequences.

She had found, tho' not under the same roof, a very snug apartment belonging to Mr. Humphrys, and which had escaped the mop, by his wife's being satisfied it could not possibly be visited by gentle-
5 folks.

This was a dry, warm, oaken floored barn, lined on both sides with wheaten straw, and opening at one end into a green field, and a beautiful prospect. Here, without hesitation, she ordered the cloth to be
10 laid, and came hastily to snatch me from worse perils by water than the common dangers of the sea.

Mrs. Humphrys, who could not trust her own ears, or could not believe a footman in so extraordinary a phenomenon, followed my wife, and asked her if
15 she had indeed ordered the cloth to be laid in the barn : she answered in the affirmative ; upon which Mrs. Humphrys declared she would not dispute her pleasure, but it was the first time, she believed, that quality had ever preferred a barn to a house. She
20 showed at the same time the most pregnant marks of contempt, and again lamented the labour she had undergone, through her ignorance of the absurd taste of her guests.

At length we were seated in one of the most pleasant spots, I believe, in the kingdom, and were regaled with our beans and bacon, in which there was nothing deficient but the quantity. This defect was, however, so deplorable, that we had consumed our whole dish, before we had visibly lessened our hunger. We now
30 waited with impatience the arrival of our second course, which necessity and not luxury had dictated. This was a joint of mutton, which Mrs. Humphrys

had been ordered to provide ; but when, being tired with expectation, we ordered our servants *to see for something else*, we were informed that there was nothing else ; on which Mrs. Humphrys being summoned, declared there was no such thing as mutton to be had at Ryde. When I expressed some astonishment at their having no butcher in a village so situated, she answered they had a very good one, and one that killed all sorts of meat in season, beef two or three times a year, and mutton the whole year round ; but that it being then beans and pease time, he killed no meat, by reason he was sure of not selling it. This she had not thought worthy of communication, any more than that there lived a fisherman at next door, who was then provided with plenty of soals, and whittings, and lobsters, far superior to those which adorn a city-feast. This discovery being made by accident, we completed the best, the pleasantest, and the merriest meal, with more appetite, more real, solid luxury, and more festivity, than was ever seen in an entertainment at White's. 5 10 15 20

It may be wondered at, perhaps, that Mrs. Humphrys should be so negligent of providing for her guests, as she may seem to be thus inattentive to her own interest : but this was not the case ; for having clapt a poll-tax on our heads at our arrival, and determined at what price to discharge our bodies from her house, the less she suffered any other to share in the levy, the clearer it came into her own pocket ; and it was better to get twelve-pence in a shilling than ten-pence, which latter would be the case if she afforded us fish at any rate. 25 30

Thus we past a most agreeable day, owing to good appetites and good humour ; two hearty feeders, which will devour with satisfaction whatever food you place before them: whereas, without these, the elegance of
5 St. James's, the charde, the Perigord-pye, or the ortolan, the venison, the turtle, or the custard, may titillate the throat, but will never convey happiness to the heart, or cheerfulness to the countenance.

As the wind appeared still immovable, my wife
10 proposed my lying on shore. I presently agreed, tho' in defiance of an act of parliament, by which persons wandering abroad, and lodging in alehouses, are decreed to be rogues and vagabonds; and this too after having been very singularly officious in putting
15 that law in execution.

My wife having reconnoitred the house, reported, that there was one room in which were two beds. It was concluded, therefore, that she and Harriot should occupy one, and myself take possession of the other.
20 She added likewise an ingenious recommendation of this room, to one who had so long been in a cabin, which it exactly resembled, as it was sunk down with age on one side, and was in the form of a ship with gunnels to.

25 For my own part, I make little doubt but this apartment was an ancient temple, built with the materials of a wreck, and, probably, dedicated to Neptune, in honour of THE BLESSING sent by him to the inhabitants, such blessings having, in all ages, been very
30 common to them. The timber employed in it confirms this opinion, being such as is seldom used by any but ship-builders. I do not find, indeed, any

mention of this matter in Hearne ; but, perhaps, its antiquity was too modern to deserve his notice. Certain it is, that this island of Wight was not an early convert to Christianity ; nay, there is some reason to doubt whether it was ever entirely converted. But I 5 have only time to touch slightly on things of this kind, which, luckily for us, we have a society whose peculiar profession it is to discuss and develope.

2. Leslie Stephen.

Born 1832.

FROM *Samuel Johnson*,¹ CHAPTER I.

[The following extract illustrates good biographical narrative of medium fullness, written in a clear, direct style. The passage, which is based on Boswell, should be compared with the latter and with other long narratives, such as Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, and with short biographical sketches such as are found in any good newspaper. The passage sums up a discussion of Johnson's religious views, and gives a sketch of his mind as an introduction to the brief outline of his life which follows. The time is about six years.]

ON leaving the University, in 1731, the world was all before him. His father died in the end of the year, and Johnson's whole immediate inheritance was twenty pounds. Where was he to turn for daily bread?
5 Even in those days, most gates were barred with gold and opened but to golden keys. The greatest chance for a poor man was probably through the Church. The career of Warburton, who rose from a similar position to a bishopric, might have been rivalled by
10 Johnson, and his connexions with Lichfield might, one would suppose, have helped him to a start. It would be easy to speculate upon causes which might have hindered such a career. In later life, he more than once refused to take orders upon the promise of a

¹ In the *English Men of Letters*, edited by Mr. John Morley.

living. Johnson, as we know him, was a man of the world ; though a religious man of the world. He represents the secular rather than the ecclesiastical type. So far as his mode of teaching goes, he is rather a disciple of Socrates than of St. Paul or Wesley. According to him, a "tavern-chair" was the "throne of human felicity," and supplied a better arena than the pulpit for the utterance of his message to mankind. And, though his external circumstances doubtless determined his method, there was much in his character which made it congenial. Johnson's religious emotions were such as to make habitual reserve almost a sanitary necessity. They were deeply coloured by his constitutional melancholy. Fear of death and hell were prominent in his personal creed. To trade upon his feelings like a charlatan would have been abhorrent to his masculine character ; and to give them full and frequent utterance like a genuine teacher of mankind would have been to imperil his sanity. If he had gone through the excitement of a Methodist conversion, he would probably have ended his days in a madhouse.

Such considerations, however, were not, one may guess, distinctly present to Johnson himself ; and the offer of a college fellowship or of private patronage might probably have altered his career. He might have become a learned recluse or a struggling Parson Adams. College fellowships were less open to talent then than now, and patrons were never too propitious to the uncouth giant, who had to force his way by sheer labour, and fight for his own hand. Accordingly, the young scholar tried to coin his brains into money

by the most depressing and least hopeful of employments. By becoming an usher in a school, he could at least turn his talents to account with little delay, and that was the most pressing consideration. By one
5 schoolmaster he was rejected on the ground that his infirmities would excite the ridicule of the boys. Under another he passed some months of "complicated misery," and could never think of the school without horror and aversion. Finding this situation
10 intolerable, he settled in Birmingham, in 1733, to be near an old schoolfellow, named Hector, who was apparently beginning to practise as a surgeon. Johnson seems to have had some acquaintances among the comfortable families in the neighbourhood; but his
15 means of living are obscure. Some small literary work came in his way. He contributed essays to a local paper, and translated a book of Travels in Abyssinia. For this, his first publication, he received five guineas. In 1734 he made certain overtures to
20 Cave, a London publisher, of the result of which I shall have to speak presently. For the present it is pretty clear that the great problem of self-support had been very inadequately solved.

Having no money and no prospects, Johnson naturally
25 ally married. The attractions of the lady were not very manifest to others than her husband. She was the widow of a Birmingham mercer named Porter. Her age at the time (1735) of the second marriage was forty-eight, the bridegroom being not quite twenty-six.
30 The biographer's eye was not fixed upon Johnson till after his wife's death, and we have little in the way of authentic description of her person and character.

Garrick, who had known her, said that she was very fat, with cheeks coloured both by paint and cordials, flimsy and fantastic in dress and affected in her manners. She is said to have treated her husband with some contempt, adopting the airs of an anti- 5 quated beauty, which he returned by elaborate deference. Garrick used his wonderful powers of mimicry to make fun of the uncouth caresses of the husband, and the courtly Beauclerc used to provoke the smiles of his audience by repeating Johnson's assertion that 10 "it was a love-match on both sides." One incident of the wedding-day was ominous. As the newly-married couple rode back from church, Mrs. Johnson showed her spirit by reproaching her husband for riding too fast, and then for lagging behind. Resolved 15 "not to be made the slave of caprice," he pushed on briskly till he was fairly out of sight. When she rejoined him, as he, of course, took care that she would soon do, she was in tears. Mrs. Johnson apparently knew how to regain supremacy; but, at any rate, John- 20 son loved her devotedly during life, and clung to her memory during a widowhood of more than thirty years, as fondly as if they had been the most pattern hero and heroine of romantic fiction.

Whatever Mrs. Johnson's charms, she seems to have 25 been a woman of good sense and some literary judgment. Johnson's grotesque appearance did not prevent her from saying to her daughter on their first introduction, "This is the most sensible man I ever met." Her praises were, we may believe, sweeter to 30 him than those of the severest critics, or the most fervent of personal flatteries. Like all good men,

Johnson loved good women, and liked to have on hand a flirtation or two, as warm as might be within the bounds of due decorum. But nothing affected his fidelity to his Letty or displaced her image in his
5 mind. He remembered her in many solemn prayers, and such words as "this was dear Letty's book"; or, "this was a prayer which dear Letty was accustomed to say," were found written by him in many of her books of devotion.

10 Mrs. Johnson had one other recommendation—a fortune, namely, of £800—little enough, even then, as a provision for the support of the married pair, but enough to help Johnson to make a fresh start. In 1736, there appeared an advertisement in the *Gentleman's*
15 *Magazine*. "At Edial, near Lichfield, in Staffordshire, young gentlemen are boarded and taught the Latin and Greek languages by Samuel Johnson." If, as seems probable, Mrs. Johnson's money supplied the funds for this venture, it was an unlucky speculation.

20 Johnson was not fitted to be a pedagogue. Success in that profession implies skill in the management of pupils, but perhaps still more decidedly in the management of parents. Johnson had little qualifications in either way. As a teacher he would probably have
25 been alternately despotic and over-indulgent; and, on the other hand, at a single glance the rough Dominie Sampson would be enough to frighten the ordinary parent off his premises. Very few pupils came, and they seem to have profited little, if a story as told of
30 two of his pupils refers to this time. After some months of instruction in English history, he asked them who had destroyed the monasteries. One

of them gave no answer ; the other replied " Jesus Christ." Johnson, however, could boast of one eminent pupil in David Garrick, though, by Garrick's account, his master was of little service except as affording an excellent mark for his early powers of 5 ridicule. The school, or " academy," failed after a year and a half ; and Johnson, once more at a loss for employment, resolved to try the great experiment, made so often and so often unsuccessfully. He left Lichfield to seek his fortune in London. Garrick 10 accompanied him, and the two brought a common letter of introduction to the master of an academy from Gilbert Wamsley, registrar of the Prerogative Court in Lichfield. Long afterward Johnson took an opportunity in the *Lives of the Poets*, of expressing his 15 warm regard for the memory of his early friend, to whom he had been recommended by a community of literary taste, in spite of party differences and great inequality of age. Wamsley says in his letter, that " one Johnson" is about to accompany Garrick to 20 London, in order to try his fate with a tragedy and get himself employed in translation. Johnson, he adds, " is a very good scholar and poet, and I have great hopes will turn out a fine tragedy writer."

The letter is dated March 2nd, 1737. Before 25 recording what is known of his early career thus started, it will be well to take a glance at the general condition of the profession of Literature in England at this period.²

² The limits of the passage are well emphasized : the six years between 1731 and 1737 were the period of Johnson's struggle and experiment before entering definitely into literature.

3. John Richard Green.

Born 1837. Died 1883.

*The Norman Conquest.*¹

[The selection is introduced to represent the narrative treatment of history, in contrast to the expository treatment, as in Mr. Lecky's *History of European Morals*, and the more pictorial methods of treatment, such as are illustrated in Carlyle's *French Revolution*. The passage should be compared with the more detailed, and often prolix, account of the battle in the third volume of Mr. Freeman's *History of the Norman Conquest*. Other well-known examples of excellent narrative style occur in the works of Gibbon, Macaulay, Froude, and Parkman.

From the large amount of material and various sources at his disposal, Green has selected his facts so as to form a coherent and glowing tale. The principle of structure seems to be a balance between the English and the Norman affairs, a principle which is carried out in each paragraph to the end of the selection. Altogether, the period, as is stated in the opening sentence, covers about fifty years, but the events of 1066 constitute the greater part of the selection, and the others serve chiefly to introduce these.]

FOR half a century the two countries [England and Normandy] had been drawing nearer together. At the close of the reign of Richard the Fearless the Danish descents upon the English coast had found

¹ From *A Short History of the English People* (1874), Chapter II., Section 4, from the edition of 1888 of Messrs. Harper & Brothers.

support in Normandy, and their fleet had wintered in her ports. It was to avenge these attacks that Æthelred had dispatched a fleet across the Channel to ravage the Cotentin, but the fleet was repulsed, and the strife appeased by Æthelred's marriage with Emma, a sister of Richard the Good. Æthelred with his children found shelter in Normandy from the Danish kings, and, if Norman accounts are to be trusted, contrary winds alone prevented a Norman fleet from undertaking their restoration. The peaceful recall of Edward to the throne seemed to open England to Norman ambition, and Godwine was no sooner banished than Duke William appeared at the English court, and received, as he afterward asserted, a promise of succession to its throne from the king. Such a promise, confirmed by the national assembly of the Wise Men, was utterly valueless, and for the moment Godwine's recall put an end to William's hopes. They are said to have been revived by a storm which threw Harold, while cruising in the Channel, on the French coast, and William forced him to swear on the relics of the saints to support the Duke's claim as a price of his own return to England ; but the news of the King's death was at once followed by that of Harold's accession, and after a burst of furious passion the Duke prepared to enforce his claim by arms. William did not claim the Crown. He claimed simply the right which he afterward used when his sword had won it, of presenting himself for election by the nation, and he believed himself entitled so to present himself by direct commendation of the Confessor. The actual election of Harold which stood in his way, hurried as

it was, he did not recognize as valid. But with this constitutional claim was inextricably mingled his resentment at the private wrong which Harold had done him, and a resolve to exact vengeance on the man
5 whom he regarded as untrue to his oath.

The difficulties in the way of his enterprise were indeed enormous. He could reckon on no support within England itself. At home he had to extort the consent of his own reluctant baronage ; to gather a
10 motley host from every quarter of France, and to keep it together for months ; to create a fleet, to cut down the very trees, to build, to launch, to man the vessels ; and to find time amidst all this for the common business of government, for negotiations with Denmark
15 and the Empire, with France, Brittany, and Anjou, with Flanders and with Rome. His rival's difficulties were hardly less than his own. Harold was threatened with invasion not only by William but by his brother Tostig, who had taken refuge in Norway and secured
20 the aid of its king, Harald Hardrada. The fleet and army he had gathered lay watching for months along the coast. His one standing force was his body of hus-carls, but their numbers only enabled them to act as the nucleus of an army. On the other hand the
25 Land-fyrd, or general levy of fighting-men, was a body easy to raise for any single encounter, but hard to keep together. To assemble such a force was to bring labour to a standstill. The men gathered under the king's standard were the farmers and ploughmen of
30 their fields. The ships were the fishing-vessels of the coast. In September the task of holding them together became impossible, but their dispersion had

hardly taken place when the two clouds which had so long been gathering burst at once upon the realm. A change of wind released the landlocked armament of William; but before changing, the wind which prisoned the Duke had flung the host of Harald Hardrada on the coast of Yorkshire. The king hastened with his household troops to the north, and repulsed the invaders in a decisive overthrow at Stamford Bridge, in the neighbourhood of York; but ere he could hurry back to London the Norman host had crossed the sea, and William, who had anchored on the 28th off Pevensey, was ravaging the coast to bring his rival to an engagement. His merciless ravages succeeded, as they were intended, in drawing Harold from London to the south; but the king wisely refused to attack with the forces he had hastily summoned to his banner. If he was forced to give battle, he resolved to give it on ground he had himself chosen, and advancing near enough to the coast to check William's ravages, he entrenched himself on a hill known afterwards as that of Senlac, a low spur of the Sussex Downs near Hastings. His position covered London, and drove William to concentrate his forces. With a host subsisting by pillage, to concentrate is to starve; and no alternative was left to William but a decisive victory or ruin.

Along the higher ground that leads from Hastings the Duke led his men in the dim dawn of an October morning to the mound of Telham. It was from this point that the Normans saw the host of the English gathered thickly behind a rough trench and a stockade on the height of Senlac. Marshy ground covered

their right ; on the left, the most exposed part of the position, the hus-carls or body-guard of Harold, men in full armour and wielding huge axes, were grouped round the Golden Dragon of Wessex and the
5 Standard of the King. The rest of the ground was covered by thick masses of half-armed rustics who had flocked at Harold's summons to the fight with the stranger. It was against the centre of this formidable position that William arrayed his Norman
10 knighthood, while the mercenary force he had gathered in France and Brittany were ordered to attack its flanks. A general charge of the Norman foot opened the battle ; in front rode the minstrel Taillefer, tossing his sword in the air, and catching it
15 again while he chaunted the Song of Roland. He was the first of the host who struck a blow, and he was the first to fall. The charge broke vainly on the stout stockade behind which the English warriors plied axe and javelin with fierce cries of " Out, out,"
20 and the repulse of the Norman footmen was followed by a repulse of the Norman horse. Again and again the Duke rallied and led them to the fatal stockade. All the fury of fight that glowed in his Norseman's blood, all the headlong valour that had spurred him
25 over the slopes of Val-ès-dunes, mingled that day with the coolness of head, the dogged perseverance, the inexhaustible faculty of recourse which had shown at Mortemer and Varaville. His Breton troops, entangled in the marshy ground on his left,
30 broke in disorder, and as panic spread through the army a cry arose that the Duke was slain. " I live," shouted William, as he tore off his helmet, " and by

God's help will conquer yet." Maddened by repulse, the Duke spurred right at the Standard ; unhorsed, his terrible mace struck down Gyrth, the King's brother ; again dismounted, a blow from his hand hurled to the ground an unmannerly rider who would not lend him his steed. Amidst the roar and tumult of the battle he turned the flight he had arrested into a means of victory. Broken as was the stockade by his desperate onset, the shield-wall of the warriors behind it still held the Normans at bay till William by a feint of flight drew a part of the English force from their post of vantage. Turning on his disorderly pursuers, the Duke cut them to pieces, broke through the abandoned line, and made himself master of the central ground. Meanwhile the French and Bretons made good their ascent on either flank. At three the hill seemed won, at six the fight still raged around the Standard, where Harold's hus-carls stood stubbornly at bay on a spot marked afterward by the high altar of Battle Abbey. An order from the Duke at last brought his archers to the front, and their arrow-flight told heavily on the dense masses crowded around the King. As the sun went down a shaft pierced Harold's right eye ; he fell between the royal ensigns, and the battle closed with a desperate melody over his corpse. While night covered the flight of the English, the Conqueror pitched his tent on the very spot where his rival had fallen, and "sate down to eat and drink among the dead."

Securing Romney and Dover, the Duke marched by Canterbury upon London. Faction and intrigue were doing his work for him as he advanced. Harold's

brothers had fallen with the King on the field of Senlac, and there was none of the house of Godwine to contest the crown ; while of the old royal line there remained but a single boy, Eadgar the Ætheling, son
5 of the eldest of Eadmund Ironside's children, who had fled before Cnut's persecution as far as Hungary for shelter. Boy as he was, he was chosen king ; but the choice gave little strength to the national cause. The widow of the Confessor surrendered Winchester to the
10 Duke. The bishops gathered at London inclined to submission. The citizens themselves faltered as William, passing by their walls, gave Southwark to the flames. The throne of the boy-king really rested for support on the Earls of Mercia and Northumbria,
15 Eadwine and Morkere ; and William, crossing the Thames at Wallingford and marching into Hertfordshire, threatened to cut them off from their earldoms. The masterly movement brought about an instant submission. Eadwine and Morkere retreated hastily
20 home from London, and the city gave way at once. Eadgar himself was at the head of the deputation who came to offer the crown to the Norman Duke. " They bowed to him," says the English annalist pathetically, " for need." They bowed to the Norman as they
25 had bowed to the Dane, and William accepted the crown in the spirit of Cnut. London indeed was secured by the erection of a fortress which afterward grew into the Tower, but William desired to reign not as a conqueror but as a lawful king. He received the
30 crown at Westminster from the hands of Archbishop Ealdred, amid shouts of " Yea, yea," from his new English subjects. Fines from the greater landowners

atoned for a resistance which was now counted as rebellion ; but with this exception every measure of the new sovereign indicated his desire of ruling as a successor of Eadward or Ælfred. As yet indeed the greater part of England remained quietly aloof from 5 him, and he can hardly be said to have been recognized as king by Northumberland or the greater part of Mercia. But to the east of a line which stretched from Norwich to Dorsetshire his rule was unquestioned, and over this portion he ruled as an English king. 10 His soldiers were kept in strict order. No change was made in law or custom. The privileges of London were recognized by a royal writ which still remains, the most venerable of its muniments among the city's archives. Peace and order were restored. William 15 even attempted, though in vain, to learn the English tongue that he might personally administer justice to the suitors in his court. The kingdom seemed so tranquil that only a few months had passed after the battle of Senlac when William, leaving England in 20 charge of his brother, Odo Bishop of Bayeux, and his minister, William Fitz-Osborn, returned for a while to Normandy.

4. Jane Austen.

Born 1775. Died 1817.

FROM *Emma*, CHAPTER XXXVIII.

[*Emma* (1816), like all of Miss Austen's novels, is a good representative of the so-called novel of manners. Aiming, as do narratives of this kind, to sketch life, their chief interest lies in the scenes which they depict and the characters which they portray. There is very little incident in them and only enough plot to make the character sketching coherent. Examples of this kind of narration predominate in the stories of Miss Burney, Miss Ferrier, Mrs. Edgeworth ; in Mrs. Gaskell's *Cranford*, in the novels of Thackeray and of Mr. Thomas Hardy ; and the so-called realistic school may be considered as a modern development of this type (see note at the end of the selection and *Introduction*, page xxvi).

Throughout the selection, the style, except in the two speeches of Miss Bates, the diffuseness of which has rendered her the type of feminine garrulity, is remarkably concise in expression and even in tone. There is no parade of language, no ostentation of phrase, but each word makes its point. There is almost no description either of place or of person ; the entire interest lies in the words of the characters and in their acts. Throughout there is the touch of humor and the slight tendency to caricature which constitute one of the chief charms of Miss Austen's work. The text, except for a few slight changes in punctuation, is that of the Steventon edition of 1882.

As there is little interest in plot, no explanation of the situation is necessary.]

No misfortune occurred, again to prevent the ball. The day approached, the day arrived ; and, after a morning of some anxious watching, Frank Churchill,

in all the certainty of his own self, reached Randalls before dinner, and everything was safe.

No second meeting had there yet been between him and Emma. The room at the Crown was to witness it ; but it would be better than a common meeting in a crowd. Mr. Weston had been so very earnest in his entreaties for her early attendance, for her arriving there as soon as possible after themselves, for the purpose of taking her opinion as to the propriety and comfort of the rooms before any other person came, 10 that she could not refuse him, and must therefore spend some quiet interval in the young man's company. She was to convey Harriet, and they drove to the Crown in good time, the Randalls party just sufficiently before them. 15

Frank Churchill seemed to have been on the watch ; and though he did not say much, his eyes declared that he meant to have a delightful evening. They all walked about together, to see that everything was as it should be ; and within a few minutes were joined by 20 the contents of another carriage, which Emma could not hear the sound of at first, without great surprise. " So unreasonably early ! " she was going to exclaim ; but she presently found that it was a family of old friends, who were coming, like herself, by particular 25 desire, to help Mr. Weston's judgment ; and they were so very closely followed by another carriage of cousins, who had been entreated to come early with the same distinguishing earnestness, on the same errand, that it seemed as if half the company might 30 soon be collected together for the purpose of preparatory inspection.

Emma perceived that her taste was not the only taste on which Mr. Weston depended, and felt, that to be the favourite and intimate of a man who had so many intimates and confidants, was not the very first
5 distinction in the scale of vanity. She liked his open manners, but a little less of open-heartedness would have made him a higher character.—General benevolence, but not general friendship, made a man what he ought to be.—She could fancy such a man.

10 The whole party walked about, and looked, and praised again; and then, having nothing else to do, formed a sort of half-circle round the fire, to observe in their various modes, till other subjects were started, that, though *May*, a fire in the evening was still very
15 pleasant.

Emma found that it was not Mr. Weston's fault that the number of privy counsellors was not yet larger. They had stopped at Mrs. Bates's door to offer the use of their carriage, but the aunt and niece
20 were to be brought by the Eltons.

Frank was standing by her, but not steadily; there was a restlessness, which showed a mind not at ease. He was looking about, he was going to the door, he was watching for the sound of other carriages,—im-
25 patient to begin, or afraid of being always near her.

Mrs. Eton was spoken of.¹ "I think she must be

¹ This and the sentence at the beginning of the next paragraph are good examples of the straightforwardness of Miss Austen's style. Compare, somewhat further on, the paragraph beginning, "The mistake had been slight," the vigor of which comes from its two-fold use—to give Miss Austen's account of the happening, and to suggest the words of the speakers.

here soon," said he. "I have a great curiosity to see Mrs. Elton, I have heard so much of her. It cannot be long, I think, before she comes."

A carriage was heard. He was on the move immediately ; but coming back, said,— 5

"I am forgetting that I am not acquainted with her. I have never seen either Mr. or Mrs. Elton. I have no business to put myself forward."

Mr. and Mrs. Elton appeared ; and all the smiles and the proprieties passed. 10

"But Miss Bates and Miss Fairfax !" said Mr. Weston, looking about. "We thought you were to bring them."

The mistake had been slight. The carriage was sent for them now. Emma longed to know what 15 Frank's first opinion of Mrs. Elton might be ; how he was affected by the studied elegance of her dress, and her smiles of graciousness. He was immediately qualifying himself to form an opinion, by giving her very proper attention, after the introduction had 20 passed.

In a few minutes the carriage returned.—Somebody talked of rain.—"I will see that there are umbrellas, sir," said Frank to his father : "Miss Bates must not be forgotten ;" and away he went. Mr. Weston was 25 following ; but Mrs. Elton detained him to gratify him by her opinion of his son ; and so briskly did she begin, that the young man himself, though by no means moving slowly, could hardly be out of hearing.

"A very fine young man, indeed, Mr. Weston. 30 You know I candidly told you I should form my own opinion ; and I am happy to say that I am extremely

pleased with him. You may believe me. I never compliment. I think him a very handsome young man, and his manners are precisely what I like and approve,—so truly the gentleman, without the least
5 conceit or puppyism. You must know I have a vast dislike to puppies—quite a horror of them. They were never tolerated at Maple Grove. Neither Mr. Suckling nor me had ever any patience with them; and we used sometimes to say very cutting things.
10 Selina, who is mild almost to a fault, bore with them much better.”

While she talked of his son, Mr. Weston's attention was chained; but when she got to Maple Grove, he could recollect that there were ladies just arriving to
15 be attended to, and with happy smiles must hurry away.

Mrs. Elton turned to Mrs. Weston. “I have no doubt of its being our carriage with Miss Bates and Jane. Our coachman and horses are so extremely
20 expeditious! I believe we drive faster than anybody. What a pleasure it is to send one's carriage for a friend! I understand you were so kind as to offer, but another time it will be quite unnecessary. You may be very sure I shall always take care of *them*.”

25 Miss Bates and Miss Fairfax, escorted by the two gentlemen, walked into the room; and Mrs. Elton seemed to think it as much her duty as Mrs. Weston's to receive them. Her gestures and movements might be understood by anyone who looked on
30 like Emma; but her words, everybody's words, were soon lost under the incessant flow of Miss Bates, who came in talking, and had not finished her speech under

many minutes after her being admitted into the circle at the fire. As the door opened she was heard,—

“So very obliging of you!—No rain at all. Nothing to signify. I do not care for myself. Quite thick shoes. And Jane declares—Well! (as soon as 5 she was within the door), well! This is brilliant indeed! This is admirable! Excellently contrived, upon my word. Nothing wanting. Could not have imagined it. So well lighted up! Jane, Jane, look! did you ever see anything? Oh! Mr. Weston, you 10 must really have had Aladdin’s lamp. Good Mrs. Stokes would not know her room again. I saw her as I came in; she was standing in the entrance. ‘Oh! Mrs. Stokes,’ said I—but I had not time for more.” She was now met by Mrs. Weston. “Very well, I 15 thank you, ma’am. I hope you are quite well. Very happy to hear it. So afraid you might have a headache! Seeing you pass by so often, and knowing how much trouble you must have. Delighted to hear it indeed.—Ah! dear Mrs. Elton, so obliged to you for 20 the carriage; excellent time; Jane and I quite ready. Did not keep the horses a moment. Most comfortable carriage. Oh! and I am sure our thanks are due to you, Mrs. Weston, on that score. Mrs. Elton had most kindly sent Jane a note, or we should have 25 been. But two such offers in one day! Never were such neighbours. I said to my mother, ‘Upon my word, ma’am.’ Thank you, my mother is remarkably well. Gone to Mr. Woodhouse’s. I made her take her shawl,—for the evenings are not warm,—her large 30 new shawl, Mrs. Dixon’s wedding present. So kind of her to think of my mother! Bought at Weymouth,

you know ; Mr. Dixon's choice. There were three others, Jane says, which they hesitated about some time. Colonel Campbell rather preferred an olive.—
My dear Jane, are you sure you did not wet your feet ?
5 It was but a drop or two, but I am so afraid ; but Mr. Frank Churchill was so extremely—and there was a mat to step upon. I shall never forget his extreme politeness. Oh ! Mr. Frank Churchill, I must tell you my mother's spectacles have never been in fault
10 since ; the rivet never came out again. My mother often talks of your good-nature ; does not she, Jane ? Do not we often talk of Mr. Frank Churchill ? Ah ! here's Miss Woodhouse. Dear Miss Woodhouse, how do you do ? Very well, I thank you, quite well. This
15 is meeting quite in fairy land. Such a transformation ! Must not compliment, I know, (eyeing Emma most complacently)—that would be rude ; but upon my word, Miss Woodhouse, you do look—how do you like Jane's hair ? You are a judge. She did it all herself.
20 Quite wonderful how she does her hair ! No hair-dresser from London, I think, could.—Ah ! Dr. Hughes, I declare—and Mrs. Hughes. Must go and speak to Dr. and Mrs. Hughes for a moment. How do you do ? How do you do ? Very well I thank you.
25 This is delightful, is not it ? Where's dear Mr. Richard ? Oh ! there he is. Don't disturb him. Much better employed talking to the young ladies. How do you do, Mr. Richard ? I saw you the other day as you rode through the town. Mrs. Otway, I
30 protest ! and good Mr. Otway, and Miss Otway, and Miss Caroline. Such a host of friends ! and Mr. George and Mr. Arthur ! How do you do ? How do

you all do? Quite well, I am much obliged to you. Never better. Don't I hear another carriage? Who can this be?—very likely the worthy Coles. Upon my word, this is charming, to be standing about among such friends! And such a noble fire! I am quite 5 roasted. No coffee, I thank you, for me; never take coffee. A little tea, if you please, sir, by-and-by; no hurry. Oh! here it comes. Everything so good!"

Frank Churchill returned to his station by Emma; and as soon as Miss Bates was quiet, she found her- 10 self necessarily overhearing the discourse of Mrs. Elton and Miss Fairfax, who were standing a little way behind her. He was thoughtful. Whether he were overhearing too, she could not determine. After a good many compliments to Jane on her dress and 15 look,—compliments very quietly and properly taken,—Mrs. Elton was evidently wanting to be complimented herself—and it was, "How do you like my gown? How do you like my trimming?—How has Wright done my hair?" with many other relative questions, 20 all answered with patient politeness. Mrs. Elton then said,—

"Nobody can think less of dress in general than I do: but upon such an occasion as this, when every- 25 body's eyes are so much upon me, and in compliment to the Westons, who I have no doubt are giving this ball chiefly to do me honour, I would not wish to be inferior to others; and I see very few pearls in the room except mine.—So, Frank Churchill is a capital dancer, I understand, We shall see if our styles 30 suit.—A fine young man certainly, is Frank Churchill. I like him very well."

At this moment Frank began talking so vigorously, that Emma could not but imagine he had overheard his own praises, and did not want to hear more ; and the voices of the ladies were drowned for awhile, till
5 another suspension brought Mrs. Elton's tones again distinctly forward. Mr. Elton had just joined them, and his wife was exclaiming,—

“Oh ! you have found us out at last, have you, in our seclusion?—I was this moment telling Jane, I
10 thought you would begin to be impatient for tidings of us.”

“Jane !” repeated Frank Churchill, with a look of surprise and displeasure. “That is easy ; but Miss Fairfax does not disapprove it, I suppose.”

15 “How do you like Mrs. Elton ?” said Emma, in a whisper.

“Not at all.”

“You are ungrateful.”

“Ungrateful !—what do you mean ?” Then changing from a frown to a smile,—“No, do not tell me,—I do not want to know what you mean. Where is my father ? When are we to begin dancing ?”

Emma could hardly understand him : he seemed in an odd humour. He walked off to find his father, but
25 was quickly back again with both Mr. and Mrs. Weston. He had met with them in a little perplexity, which must be laid before Emma. It had just occurred to Mrs. Weston that Mrs. Elton must be asked to begin the ball ; that she would expect it ;
30 which interfered with all their wishes of giving Emma that distinction. Emma heard the sad truth with fortitude,

"And what are we to do for a proper partner for her?" said Mr. Weston. "She will think Frank ought to ask her."

Frank turned instantly to Emma, to claim her former promise; and boasted himself an engaged 5 man, which his father looked his most perfect approbation of—and it then appeared that Mrs. Weston was wanting *him* to dance with Mrs. Elton himself, and that their business was to help to persuade him into it, which was done pretty soon. Mr. Weston and Mrs. 10 Elton led the way; Mr. Frank Churchill and Miss Woodhouse followed. Emma must submit to stand second to Mrs. Elton, though she had always considered the ball as peculiarly for her. It was almost enough to make her think of marrying. 15

Mrs. Elton had undoubtedly the advantage, at this time, in vanity completely gratified; for though she had intended to begin with Frank Churchill, she could not lose by the change. Mr. Weston might be his son's superior. In spite of this little rub, however. Emma was smiling with enjoyment, delighted to see 20 the respectable length of the set as it was forming, and to feel that she had so many hours of unusual festivity before her. She was more disturbed by Mr. Knightley's not dancing, than by anything else. There he was, among the standers-by, where he ought 25 not to be; he ought to be dancing,—not classing himself with the husbands, and fathers, and whist-players, who were pretending to feel an interest in the dance till their rubbers were made up,—so young as he looked! He could not have appeared to greater 30 advantage perhaps any where, than where he had

placed himself. His tall, firm, upright figure, among the bulky forms and stooping shoulders of the elderly men, was such as Emma felt must draw everybody's eyes ; and, excepting her own partner, there was not
5 one among the whole row of young men who could be compared with him.³ He moved a few steps nearer, and those few steps were enough to prove in how gentlemanlike a manner, with what natural grace, he must have danced, would he but take the trouble.
10 Whenever she caught his eye, she forced him to smile ; but in general he was looking grave. She wished he could love a ball-room better, and could like Frank Churchill better. He seemed often observing her. She must not flatter herself that he thought of
15 her dancing ; but if he were criticising her behaviour, she did not feel afraid. There was nothing like flirtation between her and her partner. They seemed more like cheerful easy friends than lovers. That Frank Churchill thought less of her than he had done,
20 was indubitable.

The ball proceeded pleasantly. The anxious cares, the incessant attentions of Mrs. Weston were not thrown away. Everybody seemed happy ; and the praise of being a delightful ball, which is seldom
25 bestowed till after a ball has ceased to be, was repeatedly given in the very beginning of the existence of this. Of very important, very recordable events, it was not more productive than such meetings usually are. There was one, however, which

³ One of the few descriptive touches of the chapter. There are not many descriptive passages in Miss Austen of greater length than this.

Emma thought something of.—The two last dances before supper were begun, and Harriet had no partner;—the only young lady sitting down;—and so equal had been hitherto the number of dancers, that how there could be any one disengaged was the wonder. But Emma's wonder lessened soon afterward, on seeing Mr. Elton sauntering about. He would not ask Harriet to dance if it were possible to be avoided: she was sure he would not—and she was expecting him every moment to escape into the card-room. 10

Escape, however, was not his plan. He came to the part of the room where the sitters-by were collected, spoke to some, and walked about in front of them, as if to show his liberty, and his resolution of maintaining it. He did not omit being sometimes directly before 15 Miss Smith, or speaking to those who were close to her. Emma saw it. She was not yet dancing; she was working her way up from the bottom, and had therefore leisure to look around, and by only turning her head a little she saw it all. When she was half 20 way up the set, the whole group were exactly behind her, and she would no longer allow her eyes to watch; but Mr. Elton was so near that she heard every syllable of a dialogue which just then took place between him and Mrs. Weston; and she perceived 25 that his wife, who was standing immediately above her, was not only listening also, but even encouraging him by significant glances. The kind-hearted, gentle Mrs. Weston had left her seat to join him and say, "Do not you dance, Mr. Elton?" to which his prompt 30 reply was, "Most readily, Mrs. Weston, if you will dance with me."

"Me!—oh! no—I will get you a better partner than myself. I am no dancer."

"If Mrs. Gilbert wishes to dance," said he, "I shall have great pleasure, I am sure; for, though beginning to feel myself rather an old married man, and that my dancing days are over, it would do me very great pleasure at any time to stand up with an old friend like Mrs. Gilbert."

"Mrs. Gilbert does not mean to dance, but there is a young lady disengaged whom I should be very glad to see dancing—Miss Smith."

"Miss Smith—oh!—I had not observed. You are extremely obliging—and if I were not an old married man—but my dancing days are over, Mrs. Weston. You will excuse me. Anything else I should be most happy to do, at your command—but my dancing days are over."

Mrs. Weston said no more; and Emma could imagine with what surprise and mortification she must be returning to her seat. This was Mr. Elton! the amiable, obliging, gentle Mr. Elton. She looked round for a moment; he had joined Mr. Knightley at a little distance, and was arranging himself for settled conversation, while smiles of high glee passed between him and his wife.

She would not look again. Her heart was in a glow, and she feared her face might be as hot.

In another moment a happier sight caught her—Mr. Knightley leading Harriet to the set!—Never had she been more surprised, seldom more delighted, than at that instant. She was all pleasure and gratitude, both for Harriet and herself, and longed to be thanking

him ; and though too distant ~~for speech~~, her countenance said much, as soon as she could catch his eye again.

His dancing proved to be just what she had believed it, extremely good ; and Harriet would have seemed 5 almost too lucky, if it had not been for the cruel state of things before, and for the very complete enjoyment and very high sense of the distinction which her happy features announced. It was not thrown away on her ; she bounded higher than ever, flew 10 farther down the middle, and was in a continual course of smiles.

Mr. Elton had retreated into the card-room, looking (Emma trusted) very foolish. She did not think he was quite so hardened as his wife, though growing 15 very like her ; *she* spoke some of her feelings, by observing audibly to her partner,—

“Knightley has taken pity on poor little Miss Smith!—Very good-natured, I declare.”

Supper was announced. The move began ; and 20 Miss Bates might be heard from that moment without interruption, till her being seated at table and taking up her spoon.

“Jane, Jane, my dear Jane, where are you ? Here is your tippet. Mrs. Weston begs you to put on your 25 tippet. She says she is afraid there will be draughts in the passage, though every thing has been done—one door nailed up—quantities of matting—my dear Jane, indeed you must. Mr. Churchill, oh ! you are too obliging !—How well you put it on !—so gratified ! 30 Excellent dancing indeed !—Yes, my dear, I ran home, as I said I should, to help grandmamma to bed, and

got back again, ~~and nobody~~ missed me. I set off without saying a word, just as I told you. Grand-mamma was quite well, had a charming evening with Mr. Woodhouse, a vast deal of chat, and backgammon. Tea was made downstairs, biscuits and baked apples, and wine before she came away; amazing luck in some of her throws; and she enquired a great deal about you, how you were amused, and who were your partners. 'Oh!' said I, 'I shall not forestall Jane; I left her dancing with Mr. George Otway; she will love to tell you all about it herself to-morrow; her first partner was Mr. Elton; I do not know who will ask her next, perhaps Mr. William Cox.' My dear sir, you are too obliging. Is there nobody you would not rather?—I am not helpless. Sir, you are most kind. Upon my word, Jane on one arm, and me on the other! Stop, stop, let us stand a little back, Mrs. Elton is going; dear Mrs. Elton, how elegant she looks—beautiful lace!—Now we all follow in her train. Quite the queen of the evening!—Well, here we are at the passage. Two steps, Jane, take care of the two steps. Oh! no, there is but one. Well, I was persuaded there were two. How very odd! I was convinced there were two, and there is but one. I never saw any thing equal to the comfort and style—candles everywhere. I was telling you of your grandmamma, Jane,—there was a little disappointment. The baked apples and biscuits, excellent in their way, you know; but there was a delicate fricassee of sweetbread and some asparagus brought in at first, and good Mr. Woodhouse, not thinking the asparagus quite boiled enough, sent it all out again. Now there

is nothing grandmamma loves better than sweetbread and asparagus—so she was rather disappointed ; but we agreed we would not speak of it to any body, for fear of its getting round to dear Miss Woodhouse, who would be so very much concerned !—Well, this is 5 brilliant ! I am all amazement !—could not have supposed anything !—such elegance and profusion ! I have seen nothing like it since—Well, where shall we sit ? Where shall we sit ? Any where, so that Jane is not in a draught. Where *I* sit is of no consequence. Oh ! 10 do you recommend this side ? Well, I am sure, Mr. Churchill—only it seems too good—but just as you please. What you direct in this house cannot be wrong. Dear Jane, how shall we ever recollect half the dishes for grandmamma. Soup too ! Bless me ! 15 I should not be helped so soon, but it smells most excellent, and I cannot help beginning.”

Emma had no opportunity of speaking to Mr. Knightley till after supper ; but, when they were all in the ball-room again, her eyes invited him irresistibly to come to her and be thanked.* He was warm in his reprobation of Mr. Elton’s conduct ; it had been unpardonable rudeness ; and Mrs. Elton’s looks also received the due share of censure.

“ They aimed at wounding more than Harriet,” 25 said he. “ Emma, why is it that they are your enemies ? ”

He looked with smiling penetration ; and, on receiving no answer, added, “ *She* ought not to be angry with you, I suspect, whatever he may be.—To that 30

* A characteristic bit of Miss Austen’s delicate irony.

surmise, you say nothing, of course : but confess, Emma, that you did want him to marry Harriet."

"I did," replied Emma, "and they cannot forgive me."

5 He shook his head ; but there was the smile of indulgence with it, and he only said,—

"I shall not scold you. I leave you to your own reflections."

"Can you trust me with such flatterers? Does my
10 vain spirit ever tell me I am wrong?"

"Not your vain spirit, but your serious spirit. If one leads you wrong, I am sure the other tells you of it."

"I do own myself to have been completely mis-
15 taken in Mr. Elton. There is a littleness about him which you discovered, and which I did not : and I was fully convinced of his being in love with Harriet. It was through a series of strange blunders !"

"And, in return for your acknowledging so much,
20 I will do you the justice to say, that you would have chosen for him better than he has chosen for himself. Harriet Smith has some first-rate qualities, which Mrs. Elton is totally without. An unpretending, single-minded, artless girl—ininitely to be preferred
25 by any man of sense and taste to such a woman as Mrs. Elton. I found Harriet more conversable than I expected."

Emma was extremely gratified. They were interrupted by the bustle of Mr. Weston calling on everybody to begin dancing again.

"Come, Miss Woodhouse, Miss Otway, Miss Fairfax, what are you all doing? Come, Emma, set your

companions the example. Everybody is lazy ! Everybody is asleep !” {

“I am ready,” said Emma, “whenever I am wanted.”

“Whom are you going to dance with ?” asked Mr. 5 Knightley.

She hesitated a moment, and then replied, “With you, if you will ask me.”

“Will you ?” said he, offering his hand.

“Indeed I will. You have shown that you can 10 dance, and you know we are not really so much brother and sister as to make it at all improper.”

“Brother and sister !—no, indeed.”

[The essential difference between a novel like *Emma* and the novel of the so-called realistic school lies in the fact that in the former kind the author (compare George Eliot, particularly *The Mill on the Floss*) rarely leaves the reader in doubt as to his own interest in the characters, while in the realistic novel such implied comment is deemed irrelevant to the artistic purpose. The realist attempts to give life merely as he sees it, and he is, to use the familiar figure, merely the mirror of what he sees. Of this realism in its healthiest form, the novels of Mr. Howells are excellent examples ; and his later work, particularly *A Hazard of New Fortunes*,—for example Chapter VII., of which lack of space and other considerations prevent the reproduction here,—deserves the careful attention of the student. Realism in its extreme form, the analytic novel, *le roman expérimental* of M. Zola, hardly exists in English. The nearest approach to it is in the novels of Mr. George Moore, particularly *Esther Waters* ; and what the analytic novel is at its best is represented most nearly in English by the works of Mr. Henry James.]

5. Edgar Allan Poe.

Born 1809. Died 1849.

FROM *The Gold-Bug*.

[Lack of space forbids the reproduction entire of Poe's famous story, but the account of the finding of the treasure will furnish an excellent example of the novel of incident, the story in which plot is dominant. For other examples of stories of this sort the student should turn to Defoe and, better, to Stevenson ; and, for careful construction of a plot on a large scale, to Wilkie Collins's *The Moonstone*, which shows to a remarkable degree the coherent bearing of small details on the main issue. *The Moonstone* and *The Gold-Bug* have little interest in character, and hence are admirable examples for the study of plot.

A word is necessary in regard to the situation. A month or so previous to the events narrated in the following selection, William Legrand, a recluse dwelling with his servant, Jupiter, on Sullivan's Island in Charleston Harbor, had picked up a strange beetle of a bronze hue. The night of his discovery he was visited by his friend, the narrator of the tale, to whom he described the new species ; for he had temporarily lent the insect. Finding no paper at hand on which to sketch the bug, Legrand was obliged to use a dirty scrap of what appeared to be paper which he found in his pocket. But his friend, on examining the drawing, found in the sketch a striking resemblance to a death's-head. Legrand, nettled at his friend's comment, was about to toss the paper into the fire, when the design caught his own eye ; he folded the paper, put it back in his pocket, and during the remainder of the evening said little more. In the month following the two saw nothing of each other, but, from one or two talks with Jupiter, the friend gathered that Legrand was insane, and,

when, one morning, he received a letter begging him to come to Sullivan's Island, he immediately complied. There he found Legrand in a state of great excitement, about to go on an apparently hair-brained expedition. Convinced of Legrand's madness, yet wishing to see that no harm came to him, he agreed to join the enterprise.

Throughout the passage the student should note the steady forward progression of the style. The unity of the passage is singularly good, and its movement is relieved from monotony by the dialogue.]

WITH a heavy heart I accompanied my friend. We started about four o'clock—Legrand, Jupiter, the dog, and myself. Jupiter had with him the scythe and spades—the whole of which he insisted upon carrying—more through fear, it seemed to me, of trusting either of 5 the implements within reach of his master, than from any excess of industry or complaisance.* His demeanour was dogged in the extreme, and “dat d——d bug” were the sole words which escaped his lips during the journey. For my own part, I had charge of a couple 10 of dark lanterns, while Legrand contented himself with the *scarabæus*, which he carried attached to the end of a bit of whip-cord, twirling it to and fro, with the air of a conjuror, as he went. When I observed this last, plain evidence of my friend's aberration of 15 mind, I could scarcely refrain from tears. I thought it best, however, to humour his fancy, at least for the present, or until I could adopt some more energetic measures with a chance of success. In the meantime I endeavoured, but all in vain, to sound him in regard 20 to the object of the expedition. Having succeeded in inducing me to accompany him, he seemed unwilling to hold conversation upon any topic of minor impor-

tance, and to all my questions vouchsafed no other reply than "We shall see!"

We crossed the creek at the head of the island by means of a skiff, and, ascending the high grounds on the shore of the mainland, proceeded in a north-westerly direction, through a tract of country excessively wild and desolate, where no trace of a human footprint was to be seen. Legrand led the way with decision ; pausing only for an instant, here and there, to consult what appeared to be certain landmarks of his own contrivance upon a former occasion.

In this manner we journeyed for about two hours, and the sun was just setting when we entered a region infinitely more dreary than any yet seen. It was a species of tableland, near the summit of an almost inaccessible hill, densely wooded from base to pinnacle, and interspersed with huge crags that appeared to lie loosely upon the soil, and in many cases were prevented from precipitating themselves into the valleys below, merely by the support of the trees against which they reclined. Deep ravines, in various directions, gave an air of still sterner solemnity to the scene.

The natural platform to which we had clambered was thickly overgrown with brambles, through which we soon discovered that it would have been impossible to force our way but for the scythe ; and Jupiter, by direction of his master, proceeded to clear for us a path to the foot of an enormously tall tulip-tree, which stood, with some eight or ten oaks, upon the level, and far surpassed them all, and all other trees which I had then ever seen, in the beauty of its foliage and form,

in the wide spread of its branches, and in the general majesty of its appearance.¹ When we reached this tree, Legrand turned to Jupiter, and asked him if he thought he could climb it. The old man seemed a little staggered by the question, and for some 5 moments made no reply. At length he approached the huge trunk, walked slowly around it, and examined it with minute attention. When he had completed his scrutiny, he merely said,

"Yes, massa, Jup climb any tree he ebber see in he 10 life."

"Then up with you as soon as possible, for it will soon be too dark to see what we are about."

"How far mus go up, massa?" inquired Jupiter.

"Get up the main trunk first, and then I will tell 15 you which way to go—and here—stop! take this beetle with you."

"De bug, Massa Will!—de goole bug!" cried the negro, drawing back in dismay—"what for mus tote de bug way up de tree?—d——n if I do!" 20

"If you are afraid, Jup, a great big negro like you, to take hold of a harmless little dead beetle, why you can carry it up by this string—but if you do not take it up with you in some way, I shall be under the necessity of breaking your head with this shovel." 25

"What de matter now, massa?" said Jup, evidently shamed into compliance; "always want for to raise fuss wid old nigger. Was only funnin anyhow. *Me* feered de bug! what I keer for de bug?" Here he

¹ It will be noted that the description in this paragraph has more to do with the structure of the story than the description in that immediately before.

took cautiously hold of the extreme end of the string, and, maintaining the insect as far from his person as circumstances would permit, prepared to ascend the tree.

5 In youth, the tulip-tree, or *Liriodendron tulipiferum*, the most magnificent of American foresters, has a trunk peculiarly smooth, and often rises to a great height without lateral branches ; but, in its riper age, the bark becomes gnarled and uneven, while many short
10 limbs make their appearance on the stem. Thus the difficulty of ascension, in the present case, lay more in semblance than in reality. Embracing the huge cylinder, as closely as possible, with his arms and knees, seizing with his hands some projections, and
15 resting his naked toes upon others, Jupiter, after one or two narrow escapes from falling, at length wriggled himself into the first great fork, and seemed to consider the whole business as virtually accomplished. The *risk* of the achievement was, in fact, now over,
20 although the climber was some sixty or seventy feet from the ground.

"Which way mus go now, Massa Will ?" he asked,

"Keep up the largest branch—the one on this side,"
said Legrand. The negro obeyed him promptly, and
25 apparently with but little trouble ; ascending higher and higher, until no glimpse of his squat figure could be obtained through the dense foliage which enveloped it. Presently his voice was heard in a sort of halloo.

"How much fudder is got for go ?"

30 "How high up are you ?" asked Legrand.

"Ebber so fur," replied the negro ; "can see de sky fru de top ob de tree."

"Never mind the sky, but attend to what I say. Look down the trunk and count the limbs below you on this side. How many limbs have you passed?"

"One, two, three, four, fibe—I done pass fibe big limb, massa, pon dis side."

5

"Then go one limb higher."

In a few minutes the voice was heard again, announcing that the seventh limb was attained.

"Now, Jup," cried Legrand, evidently much excited, "I want you to work your way out upon that limb as far 10 as you can. If you see anything strange, let me know."

By this time what little doubt I might have entertained of my poor friend's insanity was put finally at rest. I had no alternative but to conclude him stricken with lunacy, and I became seriously anxious about get- 15 ting him home. While I was pondering upon what was best to be done, Jupiter's voice was again heard.

"Mos feered for to ventur pon dis limb berry far—'tis dead limb putty much all de way."

"Did you say it was a *dead* limb, Jupiter?" cried 20 Legrand in a quavering voice.

"Yes, massa, him dead as de door-nail—done up for sartain—done departed dis here life."

"What in the name of Heaven shall I do?" asked Legrand, seemingly in the greatest distress. 25

"Do!" said I, glad of an opportunity to interpose a word, "why come home and go to bed. Come now!—that's a fine fellow. It's getting late, and, besides, you remember your promise."

"Jupiter," cried he, without heeding me in the 30 least, "do you hear me?"

"Yes, Massa Will, hear you ebber so plain."

"Try the wood well, then, with your knife, and see if you think it *very* rotten."

"Him rotten, massa, sure nuff," replied the negro in a few moments, "but not so berry rotten as mought be. Mought ventur out leetle way pon de limb by myself, dat's true."

"By yourself!—What do you mean?"

"Why, I mean de bug. 'Tis *berry* hebbly bug. Spose I drop him down fuss, and den de limb won't
10 break wid just de weight ob one nigger."

"You infernal scoundrel!" cried Legrand, apparently much relieved, "what do you mean by telling me such nonsense as that? As sure as you drop that beetle I'll break your neck. Look here, Jupiter, do
15 you hear me?"

"Yes, massa, needn't hollo at poor nigger dat style."

"Well! now listen!—if you will venture out on the limb as far as you think safe, and not let go the beetle,
20 I'll make you a present of a silver dollar as soon as you get down."

"I'm gwine, Massa Will—deed I is," replied the negro very promptly—"Mos out on de eend now."

"*Out to the end!*" here fairly screamed Legrand;
25 "do you say you are out to the end of that limb?"

"Soon be to de eend, massa,—o-o-o-o-oh! Lorgol-a-marcy! what *is* dis here pon de tree?"

"Well," cried Legrand, highly delighted, "what is it?"

30 "Why, 'tain't noffin but a skull—somebody bin lef him head up de tree, and de crows done gobble ebery bit ob de meat off."

"A skull, you say!—very well!—how is it fastened to the limb?—what holds it on?"

"Sure nuff, massa; mus look. Why dis bery curious sarcumstance, pon my word—dare's a great big nail in de skull, what fastens ob it on to de tree." 5

"Well now, Jupiter, do exactly as I tell you—do you hear?"

"Yes, massa."

"Pay attention, then!—find the left eye of the skull." 10

"Hum! hoo! dat's good! why dare ain't no eye lef at all."

"Curse your stupidity! do you know your right hand from your left?"

"Yes, I nose dat—nose all about dat—'tis my lef 15 hand what I chops de wood wid."

"To be sure! you are left-handed; and your left eye is on the same side as your left hand. Now I suppose you can find the left eye of the skull, or the place where the left eye has been. Have you found it?" 20

Here was a long pause. At length the negro asked,

"Is de lef eye ob de skull pon de same side as de lef hand ob de skull, too?—cause de skull ain't got not a bit ob a hand at all—nebber mind! I got de lef eye now—here de lef eye! what mus do wid it?" 25

"Let the beetle drop through it, as far as the string will reach—but be careful and not let go your hold of the string."

"All dat done, Massa Will: mighty easy ting for to put de bug fru de hole—look out for him dare be- 30 low!"

During this colloquy no portion of Jupiter's person

could be seen ; but the beetle, which he had suffered to descend, was now visible at the end of the string, and glistened, like a globe of burnished gold, in the last rays of the setting sun, some of which still faintly
5 illuminated the eminence upon which we stood. The *scarabæus* hung quite clear of any branches, and, if allowed to fall, would have fallen at our feet. Legrand immediately took the scythe, and cleared with it a circular space, three or four yards in diameter, just
10 beneath the insect, and, having accomplished this, ordered Jupiter to let go the string and come down from the tree.

Driving a peg, with great nicety, into the ground, at the precise spot where the beetle fell, my friend now
15 produced from his pocket a tape-measure. Fastening one end of this at that point to the trunk of the tree which was nearest the peg, he unrolled it till it reached the peg, and thence farther unrolled it, in the direction already established by the two points of the tree and
20 the peg, for the distance of fifty feet—Jupiter clearing away the brambles with the scythe. At the spot thus attained a second peg was driven, and about this, as a centre, a rude circle, about four feet in diameter, described. Taking now a spade himself, and giving one
25 to Jupiter and one to me, Legrand begged us to set about digging as quickly as possible.

To speak the truth, I had no especial relish for such amusement at any time, and, at that particular moment, would most willingly have declined it ; for the night
30 was coming on, and I felt much fatigued with the exercise already taken ; but I saw no mode of escape, and was fearful of disturbing my poor friend's equa-

nimity by a refusal. Could I have depended, indeed, upon Jupiter's aid, I would have had no hesitation in attempting to get the lunatic home by force ; but I was too well assured of the old negro's disposition to hope that he would assist me, under any circumstances, in a personal contest with his master. I made no doubt that the latter had been infected with some of the innumerable Southern superstitions about money buried, and that his fantasy had received confirmation by the finding of the *scarabæus*, or, perhaps, by Jupiter's obstinacy in maintaining it to be "a bug of real gold." A mind disposed to lunacy would readily be led away by such suggestions, especially if chiming in with favourite preconceived ideas ; and then I called to mind the poor fellow's speech about the beetle's being "the index of his fortune." Upon the whole, I was sadly vexed and puzzled, but, at length, I concluded to make a virtue of necessity—to dig with a good will, and thus the sooner to convince the visionary, by ocular demonstration, of the fallacy of the opinions he entertained.

The lanterns having been lit, we all fell to work with a zeal worthy a more rational cause ; and as the glare fell upon our persons and implements, I could not help thinking how picturesque a group we composed, and how strange and suspicious our labours must have appeared to any interloper who, by chance, might have stumbled upon our whereabouts.

We dug very steady for two hours. Little was said ; and our chief embarrassment lay in the yelpings of the dog, who took exceeding interest in our proceedings. He, at length, became so obstreperous, that we

grew fearful of his giving the alarm to some stragglers in the vicinity ; or, rather, this was the apprehension of Legrand ; for myself, I should have rejoiced at any interruption which might have enabled me to get
5 the wanderer home. The noise was, at length, very effectually silenced by Jupiter, who, getting out of the hole with a dogged air of deliberation, tied the brute's mouth up with one of his suspenders, and then returned, with a grave chuckle, to his task.

10 When the time mentioned had expired, we had reached a depth of five feet, and yet no signs of any treasure² became manifest. A general pause ensued, and I began to hope that the farce was at an end. Legrand, however, although evidently much discon-
15 certed, wiped his brow thoughtfully and recommenced. We had excavated the entire circle of four feet diameter, and now we slightly enlarged the limit, and went to the farther depth of two feet. Still nothing appeared. The gold-seeker, whom I sincerely pitied,
20 at length clambered from the pit, with the bitterest disappointment imprinted upon every feature, and proceeded, slowly and reluctantly, to put on his coat, which he had thrown off at the beginning of his labour. In the meantime I made no remark. Jupiter, at a
25 signal from his master, began to gather up his tools. This done, and the dog having been unmuzzled, we turned in profound silence towards home.

We had taken, perhaps, a dozen steps in this direction, when, with a loud oath, Legrand strode up to
30 Jupiter, and seized him by the collar. The astonished

² The first mention of the specific object of the search.

negro opened his eyes and mouth to the fullest extent, let fall the spades, and fell upon his knees.

"You scoundrel," said Legrand, hissing out the syllables from between his clenched teeth—"you infernal black villain!—speak, I tell you!—answer 5 me this instant, without prevarication!—which—which is your left eye?"

"Oh, my golly, Massa Will! ain't dis here my lef eye for sartain?" roared the terrified Jupiter, placing his hand upon his *right* organ of vision, and holding it 10 there with a desperate pertinacity, as if in immediate dread of his master's attempt at a gouge.

"I thought so!—I knew it! hurrah!" vociferated Legrand, letting the negro go, and executing a series of curvets and caracoles, much to the astonishment of 15 his valet, who, arising from his knees, looked mutely from his master to myself, and then from myself to his master.

"Come! we must go back," said the latter; "the game's not up yet;" and he again led the way to the 20 tulip-tree.

"Jupiter," said he, when he reached its foot, "come here! was the skull nailed to the limb with the face outwards, or with the face to the limb?"

"De face was out, massa, so dat de crows could 25 get at de eyes good, widout any trouble."

"Well, then, was it this eye or that through which you dropped the beetle?"—here Legrand touched each of Jupiter's eyes.

"'Twas dis eye, massa—de lef eye—jis as you tell 30 me," and here it was his right eye that the negro indicated.

"That will do—we must try it again."

Here my friend, about whose madness I now saw, or fancied I saw, certain indications of method, removed the peg which marked the spot where the beetle fell, to a spot about three inches to the westward of its former position. Taking, now, the tape-measure from the nearest point of the trunk to the peg, as before, and continuing the extension in a straight line to the distance of fifty feet, a spot was indicated, removed by several yards from the point at which we had been digging.

Around the new position a circle, somewhat larger than in the former instance, was now described, and we again set to work with the spades. I was dreadfully weary, but, scarcely understanding what had occasioned the change in my thoughts, I felt no longer any great aversion from the labour imposed. I had become most unaccountably interested—nay, even excited. Perhaps there was something, amid all the extravagant demeanour of Legrand—some air of forethought, or of deliberation—which impressed me. I dug eagerly, and now and then caught myself actually looking, with something that very much resembled expectation, for the fancied treasure, the vision of which had demented my unfortunate companion. At a period when such vagaries of thought most fully possessed me, and when we had been at work perhaps an hour and a half, we were again interrupted by the violent howlings of the dog. His uneasiness, in the first instance, had been, evidently, but the result of playfulness or caprice, but he now assumed a bitter and serious tone. Upon Jupiter's again attempting to

muzzle him, he made furious resistance, and, leaping into the hole, tore up the mould frantically with his claws. In a few seconds he had uncovered a mass of human bones, forming two complete skeletons, intermingled with several buttons of metal, and what 5 appeared to be the dust of decayed woollen. One or two strokes of a spade upturned the blade of a large Spanish knife, and, as we dug farther, three or four loose pieces of gold and silver coin came to light.

At the sight of these the joy of Jupiter could 10 scarcely be restrained, but the countenance of his master wore an air of extreme disappointment. He urged us, however, to continue our exertions, and the words were hardly uttered when I stumbled and fell 15 forward, having caught the toe of my boot in a large ring of iron that lay half buried in the loose earth.

We now worked in earnest, and never did I pass ten minutes of more intense excitement. During this interval we had fairly unearthed an oblong chest of wood, which from its perfect preservation and won- 20 derful hardness, had plainly been subjected to some mineralising process—perhaps that of the bichloride of mercury. This box was three feet and a half long, three feet broad, and two and a half feet deep. It was firmly secured by bands of wrought iron, rivetted, 25 and forming a kind of open trellis-work over the whole. On each side of the chest, near the top, were three rings of iron—six in all—by means of which a firm hold could be obtained by six persons. Our utmost united endeavours served only to disturb 30 the coffer very slightly in its bed. We at once saw the impossibility of removing so great a weight.

Luckily, the sole fastenings of the lid consisted of two sliding bolts. These we drew back—trembling and panting with anxiety. In an instant, a treasure of incalculable value lay gleaming before us. As the 5 rays of the lanterns fell within the pit, there flashed upwards a glow and a glare, from a confused heap of gold and jewels, that absolutely dazzled our eyes.

I shall not pretend to describe the feelings with which I gazed. Amazement was, of course, predomi-
10 nant. Legrand appeared exhausted with excitement, and spoke very few words. Jupiter's countenance wore, for some minutes, as deadly a pallor as it is possible, in the nature of things, for any negro's visage to assume. He seemed stupefied—thunder-
15 stricken. Presently he fell upon his knees in the pit, and, burying his naked arms up to the elbows in gold, let them there remain, as if enjoying the luxury of a bath. At length, with a deep sigh, he exclaimed, as if in a soliloquy,

20 “And dis all cum ob de goole-bug ! de putty goole-bug ! de poor little goole-bug, what I boosed in dat sabage kind ob style ! Ain't you shamed ob yourself, nigger ?—answer me dat !”

It became necessary, at last, that I should arouse
25 both master and valet to the expediency of removing the treasure. It was growing late, and it behooved us to make exertion, that we might get everything housed before daylight. It was difficult to say what should be done, and much time was spent in deliberation—so
30 confused were the ideas of all. We, finally, lightened the box by removing two-thirds of its contents, when we were enabled, with some trouble, to raise it from

the hole. The articles taken out were deposited among the brambles, and the dog left to guard them, with strict orders from Jupiter neither, upon any pretence, to stir from the spot, nor to open his mouth until our return. We then hurriedly made for home 5 with the chest, reaching the hut in safety, but after excessive toil, at one o'clock in the morning. Worn out as we were, it was not in human nature to do more immediately. We rested until two, and had supper, starting for the hills immediately afterwards, armed 10 with three stout sacks, which, by good luck, were upon the premises. A little before four we arrived at the pit, divided the remainder of the booty, as equally as might be, among us, and, leaving the holes unfilled, again set out for the hut, at which, for the second time, 15 we deposited our golden burthens, just as the first faint streaks of the dawn gleamed from over the tree-tops in the East.

We were now thoroughly broken down; but the intense excitement of the time denied us repose. 20 After an unquiet slumber of some three or four hours' duration, we arose, as if by preconcert, to make examination of our treasure.

[The remainder of the story deals with the counting of the treasure, and Legrand's narrative of his manner of tracing from the fragment of parchment the successive steps which led to the discovery of the hoard. The close is an exceedingly good study in the logical construction of a narrative plot, and as such should be read by the student.]

6. Sir Walter Scott.

Born 1771. Died 1832.

FROM *Ivanhoe*, CHAPTER VIII.

[The romantic form of the narrative of action and incident is nowhere better illustrated than in the following chapter from *Ivanhoe* (1820), the situation of which is too familiar to need introduction. Direct and vigorous in the purely narrative passages, it has besides, in its wording, its dialogue, and its admirable description, all the rich coloring which sheds over action and incident the glamour of romance. Few finer specimens of narrative are to be found in English than this chapter; but the plot, as a whole, backs and fills a good deal. With this chapter should be compared the storming of Torquilstone, as narrated by Rebecca at the casement, in Chapter XXIX.]

The text follows that of Scott's own edition of the *Waverley Novels*.]

At this the challenger with fierce defy
His trumpet sounds; the challenged makes reply:
With clangour rings the field, resounds the vaulted sky.
Their visors closed, their lances in the rest,
Or at the helmet pointed or the crest,
They vanish from the barrier, speed the race,
And spurring see decrease the middle space.

—*Palamon and Arcite*.

IN the midst of Prince John's cavalcade, he suddenly stopped, and appealing to the Prior of Jorvaulx, declared the principal business of the day had been forgotten.

"By my halidom," said he, "we have neglected, Sir Prior, to name the fair Sovereign of Love and of Beauty, by whose white hand the palm is to be distributed. For my part, I am liberal in my ideas, and I care not if I give my vote for the black-eyed 5 Rebecca."

"Holy Virgin," answered the Prior, turning up his eyes in horror, "a Jewess!—We should deserve to be stoned out of the lists; and I am not yet old enough to be a martyr. Besides, I swear by my patron saint 10 that she is far inferior to the lovely Saxon, Rowena."

"Saxon or Jew," answered the Prince, "Saxon or Jew, dog or hog, what matters it? I say, name Rebecca, were it only to mortify the Saxon churls."

A murmur arose even among his own immediate 15 attendants.

"This passes a jest, my lord," said De Bracy; "no knight here will lay lance in rest if such an insult is attempted."

"It is the mere wantonness of insult," said one of 20 the oldest and most important of Prince John's followers, Waldemar Fitzurse, "and if your Grace attempt it, cannot but prove ruinous to your projects."

"I entertained you, sir," said John, reining up his palfrey haughtily, "for my follower, but not for my 25 counsellor."

"Those who follow your Grace in the paths which you tread," said Waldemar, but speaking in a low voice, "acquire the right of counsellors; for your interest and safety are not more deeply gaged than their 30 own."

From the tone in which it was spoken, John saw

the necessity of acquiescence. "I did but jest," he said ; "and you turn upon me like so many adders ! Name whom you will, in the fiend's name, and please yourselves."

5 "Nay, nay," said De Bracy, "let the fair sovereign's throne remain unoccupied until the conqueror shall be named, and then let him choose the lady by whom it shall be filled. It will add another grace to his triumph, and teach fair ladies to prize the love of val-
10 iant knights, who can exalt them to such distinction."

"If Brian de Bois-Guilbert gain the prize," said the Prior, "I will gage my rosary that I name the Sovereign of Love and Beauty."

"Bois-Guilbert," answered De Bracy, "is a good
15 lance ; but there are others around these lists, Sir Prior, who will not fear to encounter him."

"Silence, sirs," said Waldemar, "and let the Prince assume his seat. The knights and spectators are alike impatient, the time advances, and highly fit it is that
20 the sports should commence."

Prince John, though not yet a monarch, had in Waldemar Fitzurse all the inconveniences of a favourite minister, who, in serving his sovereign, must always do so in his own way. The prince acquiesced, however,
25 although his disposition was precisely of that kind which is apt to be obstinate upon trifles, and, assuming his throne, and being surrounded by his followers, gave signal to the heralds to proclaim the laws of the tournament, which were briefly as follows :

30 First, the five challengers were to undertake all comers.

Secondly, any knight proposing to combat, might, if

he pleased, select a special antagonist from among the challengers, by touching his shield. If he did so with the reverse of his lance, the trial of skill was made with what were called the arms of courtesy, that is, with lances at whose extremity a piece of round flat board was fixed, so that no danger was encountered, save from the shock of the horses and riders. But if the shield was touched with the sharp end of the lance, the combat was understood to be at *outrance*, that is, the knights were to fight with sharp weapons, as in actual battle.

Thirdly, when the knights present had accomplished their vow, by each of them breaking five lances, the prince was to declare the victor in the first day's tourney, who should receive as prize a war-horse of exquisite beauty and matchless strength ; and in addition to this reward of valour, it was now declared he should have the peculiar honour of naming the Queen of Love and Beauty, by whom the prize should be given on the ensuing day.

20

Fourthly, it was announced that on the second day there should be a general tournament, in which all the knights present who were desirous to win praise might take part ; and being divided into two bands of equal numbers might fight it out manfully until the signal was given by Prince John to cease the combat. The elected Queen of Love and Beauty was then to crown the knight whom the Prince should adjudge to have borne himself best in this second day with a coronet composed of thin gold plate, cut into the shape of a laurel crown. On this second day the knightly games ceased. But on that which was to

30

follow, feats of archery, of bull-baiting, and other popular amusements, were to be practised, for the more immediate amusement of the populace. In this manner did Prince John endeavour to lay the foundation of a popularity which he was perpetually throwing down by some inconsiderate act of wanton aggression upon the feelings and prejudices of the people.

The lists now presented a most splendid spectacle. The sloping galleries were crowded with all that was noble, great, wealthy, and beautiful, in the northern and midland parts of England; and the contrast of the various dresses of these dignified spectators rendered the view as gay as it was rich, while the interior and lower space, filled with the substantial burgesses and yeomen of merry England, formed, in their more plain attire, a dark fringe or border around this circle of brilliant embroidery, relieving, and at the same time setting off its splendour.

The heralds finished their proclamation with their usual cry of "Largesse, largesse, gallant knights!" and gold and silver pieces were showered on them from the galleries—it being a high point of chivalry to exhibit liberality towards those whom the age accounted at once the secretaries and the historians of honour. The bounty of the spectators was acknowledged by the customary shouts of "Love of Ladies—Death of Champions—Honour to the Generous—Glory to the Brave!" To which the more humble spectators added their acclamations, and a numerous band of trumpeters the flourish of their martial instruments. When these sounds had ceased, the heralds withdrew from the lists in gay and glittering proces-

sion, and none remained within them save the marshals of the field, who, armed cap-a-pie, sat on horse-back, motionless as statues, at the opposite ends of the lists. Meantime, the enclosed space at the northern extremity of the lists, large as it was, was now completely crowded with knights desirous to prove their skill against the challengers and, when viewed from the galleries, presented the appearance of a sea of waving plumage, intermixed with glistening helmets and tall lances, to the extremities of which were, in many cases, attached small pennons of about a span's breadth, which, fluttering in the air as the breeze caught them, joined with the restless motion of the feathers to add liveliness to the scene.

At length the barriers were opened, and five knights, chosen by lot, advanced slowly into the area; a single champion riding in front, and the other four following in pairs. All were splendidly armed, and my Saxon authority (in the Wardour Manuscript) records at great length their devices, their colours, and the embroidery of their horse trappings. It is unnecessary to be particular on these subjects. To borrow lines from a contemporary poet, who has written but too little—

The knights are dust,
And their good swords are rust,
Their souls are with the saints, we trust.¹

25

Their escutcheons have long mouldered from the walls of their castles. Their castles themselves are

¹ Scott's note on Coleridge is omitted as unnecessary to the study of the narrative.

but green mounds and shattered ruins—the place that once knew them knows them no more—nay, many a race since theirs has died out and been forgotten in the very land which they occupied, with all the authority of feudal proprietors and feudal lords. What, then, would it avail the reader to know their names, or the evanescent symbols of their martial rank !

Now, however, no whit anticipating the oblivion which awaited their names and feats, the champions advanced through the lists, restraining their fiery steeds, and compelling them to move slowly, while, at the same time, they exhibited their paces, together with the grace and dexterity of the riders. As the procession entered the lists, the sounds of a wild Bar-
15 baric music was heard from behind the tents of the challengers, where the performers were concealed. It was of Eastern origin, having been brought from the Holy Land ; and the mixture of the cymbals and bells seemed to bid welcome at once, and defiance, to
20 the knights as they advanced. With the eyes of an immense concourse of spectators fixed upon them, the five knights advanced up the platform upon which the tents of the challengers stood, and there separating themselves, each touched slightly,³ and with
25 the reverse of his lance, the shield of the antagonist to whom he wished to oppose himself. The lower order of spectators in general—nay, many of the higher class, and it is even said several of the ladies, were rather disappointed at the champions choosing

³ The timidity of the salute is in strong contrast to the fierce challenge by the Disinherited Knight of Brian de Bois-Guilbert.

the arms of courtesy. For the same sort of persons who in the present day applaud most highly the deepest tragedies, were then interested in a tournament exactly in proportion to the danger incurred by the champions engaged.

5

Having intimated their more pacific purpose, the champions retreated to the extremity of the lists, where they remained drawn up in a line; while the challengers, sallying each from his pavilion, mounted their horses, and headed by Brian de Bois-Guilbert, 10 descended from the platform, and opposed themselves individually to the knights who had touched their respective shields.

At the flourish of clarions and trumpets, they started out against each other at full gallop; and such was 15 the superior dexterity or good fortune of the challengers that those opposed to Bois-Guilbert, Malvoisin, and Front-de-Bœuf, rolled on the ground. The antagonist of Grantmesnil, instead of bearing his lance-point fair against the crest or the shield of his enemy, 20 swerved so much from the direct line as to break the weapon athwart the person of his opponent—a circumstance which was accounted more disgraceful than that of being actually unhorsed; because the latter might happen from accident, whereas the former 25 evinced awkwardness, and want of management of the weapon and of the horse. The fifth knight alone maintained the honour of his party, and parted fairly with the Knight of St. John, both splintering their lances without advantage on either side. 30

The shouts of the multitude, together with the acclamations of the heralds and the clangour of the

trumpets, announced the triumph of the victors and the defeat of the vanquished. The former retreated to their pavilions, and the latter, gathering themselves up as they could, withdrew from the lists in disgrace and
5 dejection, to agree with their victors concerning the redemption of their arms and their horses, which, according to the laws of the tournament, they had forfeited. The fifth of their number alone tarried in the lists long enough to be greeted by the applauses of the
10 spectators, amongst whom he retreated, to the aggravation, doubtless, of his companions' mortification.

A second and a third party of knights took the field ; and although they had various success, yet, upon the whole, the advantage decidedly remained with the
15 challengers, not one of whom lost his seat or swerved from his charge—misfortunes which befell one or two of their antagonists in each encounter. The spirits, therefore, of those opposed to them seemed to be considerably damped by their continued success.
20 Three knights only appeared on the fourth entry, who, avoiding the shields of Bois-Guilbert and Front-de-Bœuf, contented themselves with touching those of the three other knights, who had not altogether manifested the same strength and dexterity. This politic selection
25 did not alter the fortune of the field : the challengers were still successful : one of their antagonists was overthrown, and both the others failed in the *attaint*,³ that is, in striking the helmet or shield of their antagonists firmly and strongly, with the lance held in a

³ This term of chivalry, transferred to the law, gives the phrase of being attainted with treason.—*Scott*.

direct line, so that the weapon might break unless the champion was overthrown.

After this fourth encounter, there was a considerable pause ; nor did it appear that anyone was very desirous of renewing the contest. The spectators murmured among themselves ; for, among the challengers, Malvoisin and Front-du-Bœuf were unpopular from their characters, and the others, except Grantmesnil, were disliked as strangers and foreigners.

But none shared the general feeling of dissatisfaction so keenly as Cedric the Saxon, who saw, in each advantage gained by the Norman challengers, a repeated triumph over the honour of England. His own education had taught him no skill in the games of chivalry, although, with the arms of his Saxon ancestors he had manifested himself, on many occasions, a brave and determined soldier. He looked anxiously to Athelstane, who had learned the accomplishments of the age, as if desiring that he should make some personal effort to recover the victory which was passing into the hands of the Templar and his associates. But, though both stout of heart and strong of person, Athelstane had a disposition too inert and unambitious to make the exertions which Cedric seemed to expect from him.

“The day is against England, my lord,” said Cedric, in a marked tone ; “are you not tempted to take the lance ?”

“I shall tilt to-morrow,” answered Athelstane, “in the *mêlée* ; it is not worth while for me to arm myself to-day.”

Two things displeased Cedric in this speech. It

contained the Norman word *mêlée* (to express the general conflict), and it evinced some indifference to the honour of the country ; but it was spoken by Athelstane, whom he held in such profound respect, that he
5 would not trust himself to canvass his motives or his foibles. Moreover, he had no time to make any remark, for Wamba thrust in his word, observing, " It was better, though scarce easier, to be the best man among a hundred, than the best man of two."

10 Athelstane took the observation as a serious compliment ; but Cedric, who better understood the jester's meaning, darted at him a severe and menacing look ; and lucky it was for Wamba, perhaps, that the time and place prevented his receiving, notwithstanding his
15 place and service, more sensible marks of his master's resentment.

The pause in the tournament was still uninterrupted, excepting by the voices of the heralds exclaiming—" Love of ladies, splintering of lances ! stand
20 forth, gallant knights ; fair eyes look upon your deeds !"

The music also of the challengers breathed from time to time wild bursts expressive of triumph or defiance, while the clowns grudged a holiday which
25 seemed to pass away in inactivity ; and old knights and nobles lamented in whispers the decay of martial spirit, spoke of the triumphs of their younger days, but agreed that the land did not now supply dames of such transcendent beauty as had animated the jousts of
30 former times. Prince John began to talk to his attendants about making ready the banquet, and the necessity of adjudging the prize to Brian de Bois-Guilbert,

who had, with a single spear, overthrown two knights and foiled a third.

² At length, as the Saracenic music of the challengers concluded one of those long and high flourishes with which they had broken the silence of the lists, it was answered by a solitary trumpet, which breathed a note of defiance from the northern extremity. All eyes were turned to see the new champion which these sounds announced, and no sooner were the barriers opened than he paced into the lists. As far as could be judged of a man sheathed in armour, the new adventurer did not greatly exceed the middle size, and seemed to be rather slender than strongly made. His suit of armour was formed of steel, richly inlaid with gold, and the device on his shield was a young oak-tree pulled up by the roots, with the Spanish word *Desdichado*, signifying Disinherited. He was mounted on a gallant black horse, and as he passed through the lists he gracefully saluted the Prince and the ladies by lowering his lance. The dexterity with which he managed his steed, and something of youthful grace which he displayed in his manner, won him the favour of the multitude, which some of the lower classes expressed by calling out, "Touch Ralph de Vipont's shield—touch the Hospitaller's shield; he has the least sure seat, he is your cheapest bargain."

The champion, moving onward amid these well-meant hints, ascended the platform by the sloping alley which led to it from the lists, and, to the aston-

² The following passage is one of the best pieces of narrative in English.

ishment of all present, riding straight up to the central pavilion, struck with the sharp end of his spear the shield of Brian de Bois-Guilbert until it rang again. All stood astonished at his presumption, but none
5 more than the redoubted knight whom he had thus defied to mortal combat, and who, little expecting so rude a challenge, was standing carelessly at the door of the pavilion.

"Have you confessed yourself, brother?" said the
10 Templar, "and have you heard mass this morning, that you peril your life so frankly?"

"I am fitter to meet death than thou art," answered the Disinherited Knight, for by this name the stranger had recorded himself in the books of the tourney.

15 "Then take your place in the lists," said Bois-Guilbert, "and look your last upon the sun; for this night thou shalt sleep in Paradise."

"Gramercy for thy courtesy," replied the Disinherited Knight; "and to requite it, I advise thee to
20 take a fresh horse and a new lance, for by my honour you will need both."

Having expressed himself thus confidently, he reined his horse backward down the slope which he had ascended, and compelled him in the same manner
25 to move backward through the lists, till he reached the northern extremity, where he remained stationary in expectation of his antagonist. This feat of horsemanship again attracted the applause of the multitude.

However incensed at his adversary for the pre-
30 cautions which he recommended, Brian de Bois-Guilbert did not neglect his advice; for his honour was too nearly concerned to permit his neglecting any means

which might ensure victory over his presumptuous opponent. He changed his horse for a proved and fresh one of great strength and spirit. He chose a new and tough spear, lest the wood of the former might have been strained in the previous encounters 5 he had sustained. Lastly, he laid aside his shield, which had received some little damage, and received another from his squires. His first had only borne the general device of his rider, representing two knights riding upon one horse, an emblem expressive 10 of the original humility and poverty of the Templars, qualities which they had since exchanged for the arrogance and wealth that finally occasioned their suppression. Bois-Guilbert's new shield bore a raven in full flight, holding in its claws a skull, and bearing 15 the motto, *Gare le Corbeau*.

When the two champions stood opposed to each other at the two extremities of the lists, the public expectation was strained to the highest pitch. Few 20 augured the possibility that the encounter could terminate well for the Disinherited Knight, yet his courage and gallantry secured the general good wishes of the spectators.

The trumpets had no sooner given the signal than the champions vanished from their posts with the 25 speed of lightning, and closed in the centre of the lists with the shock of a thunderbolt. The lances burst into shivers up to the very grasp, and it seemed at the moment that both knights had fallen, for the shock had made each horse recoil backwards upon its 30 haunches. The address of the riders recovered their steeds by use of the bridle and spur; and having

glared on each other for an instant with eyes which seemed to flash fire through the bars of their visors, each made a demivolte, and, retiring to the extremity of the lists, received a fresh lance from the attendants.

5 A loud shout from the spectators, waving of scarfs and handkerchiefs, and general acclamations, attested the interest taken by the spectators in this encounter; the most equal, as well as the best performed, which had graced the day. But no sooner had the knights
10 resumed their station, than the clamour of applause was hushed into a silence so deep and so dead that it seemed the multitude were afraid even to breathe.

A few minutes' pause having been allowed, that the combatants and their horses might recover breath,
15 Prince John with his truncheon signed to the trumpets to sound the onset. The champions a second time sprung from their stations, and closed in the centre of the lists, with the same speed, the same dexterity, the same violence, but not the same equal fortune as
20 before.

In this second encounter the Templar aimed at the centre of his antagonist's shield, and struck it so fair and forcibly that his spear went to shivers, and the Disinherited Knight reeled in his saddle. On the
25 other hand, that champion had, in the beginning of his career, directed the point of his lance toward Bois-Guilbert's shield, but, changing his aim almost in the moment of encounter, he addressed it to the helmet, a mark more difficult to hit, but which, if
30 attained, rendered the shock more irresistible. Fair and true he hit the Norman on the visor, where his lance's point kept hold of the bars. Yet, even at this

disadvantage, the Templar sustained his high reputation ; and had not the girths of his saddle burst, he might not have been unhorsed. As it chanced, however, saddle, horse, and man rolled on the ground under a cloud of dust.

5

To extricate himself from the stirrups and fallen steed was to the Templar scarce the work of a moment ; and, stung with madness, both at his disgrace and at the acclamations with which it was hailed by the spectators, he drew his sword and waved it in defiance of his conqueror. The Disinherited Knight sprung from his steed, and also unsheathed his sword. The marshals of the field, however, spurred their horses between them, and reminded them that the laws of the tournament did not, on the present occasion, permit this species of encounter.

"We shall meet again, I trust," said the Templar, casting a resentful glance at his antagonist ; "and where there are none to separate us."

"If we do not," said the Disinherited Knight, "the fault shall not be mine. On foot or horseback, with spear, with axe, or with sword, I am alike ready to encounter thee."

More and angrier words would have been exchanged, but the marshals, crossing their lances betwixt them, compelled them to separate. The Disinherited Knight returned to his first station, and Bois-Guilbert to his tent, where he remained for the rest of the day in an agony of despair.

Without alighting from his horse, the conqueror called for a bowl of wine, and opening the beaver, or lower part of his helmet, announced that he quaffed

30

it, "To all true English hearts, and to the confusion of foreign tyrants." He then commanded his trumpet to sound a defiance to the challengers, and desired a herald to announce to them that he should make no
5 election, but was willing to encounter them in the order in which they pleased to advance against him.

The gigantic Front-de-Bœuf, armed in sable armour, was the first who took the field. He bore on a white shield a black bull's head, half defaced by the numerous encounters which he had undergone, and bearing
10 the arrogant motto, *Cave, Adsum*. Over this champion the Disinherited Knight obtained a slight but decisive advantage. Both knights broke their lances fairly, but Front-de-Bœuf, who lost a stirrup in the
15 encounter, was adjudged to have the disadvantage.

In the stranger's third encounter, with Sir Phillip Malvoisin, he was equally successful; striking that baron so forcibly on the casque, that the laces of the helmet broke, and Malvoisin, only saved from falling
20 by being unhelmeted, was declared vanquished like his companions.

In his fourth combat, with De Grantmesnil, the Disinherited Knight showed as much courtesy as he had hitherto evinced courage and dexterity. De
•25 Grantmesnil's horse, which was young and violent, reared and plunged in the course of the career so as to disturb the rider's aim, and the stranger, declining to take the advantage which this accident afforded him, raised his lance, and passing his antagonist
30 without touching him, wheeled his horse and rode back again to his own end of the lists, offering his antagonist, by a herald, the chance of a second

encounter. This De Grantmesnil declined, avowing himself vanquished as much by the courtesy as by the address of his opponent.

Ralph de Vipont summed up the list of the stranger's triumphs, being hurled to the ground ⁵ with such force that the blood gushed from his nose and his mouth, and he was borne senseless from the lists.

The acclamations of thousands applauded the unanimous award of the prince and marshals ¹⁰ announcing that day's honours to the 'Disinherited Knight.

7. George Eliot (Marian Evans).

Born 1820. Died 1880.

FROM *Silas Marner*, CHAPTER XVIII.

[The selection is introduced to stand for the dramatic novel or, as it is sometimes called, the novel of character. The interest lies in human personality—not so much in the sketching of individuals, as in the action of one character upon another, not in the foibles of men, but in passion. Excellent examples of this kind of narrative are to be found in the novels of George Eliot, and nowhere are they more real than in *Silas Marner* (1861); in the earlier stories like the *Scenes from Clerical Life*, the drama is occasionally extravagant; in *Middlemarch* and *Daniel Deronda* the plots often become cumbrous, and the genuine passion is too often crowded out by analysis. Other good examples of this kind of writing are to be found in Dickens, in Mr. Thomas Hardy, in Mr. George Meredith, especially in *Richard Feverel*, of which, says Stevenson, “the last interview between Lucy and Richard Feverel is pure drama; more than that it is the strongest scene, since Shakespeare, in the English tongue.”¹]

SOME one opened the door at the other end of the room, and Nancy felt that it was her husband. She turned from the window with gladness in her eyes, for the wife's chief dread was stilled.

5 “Dear, I'm so thankful you're come,” she said, going towards him. “I began to get”—

She paused abruptly, for Godfrey was laying down

¹ *A Gossip on Romance in Memories and Portraits* (New York, 1894), p. 263.

his hat with trembling hands, and turned towards her with a pale face and a strange, unanswering glance, as if he saw her indeed, but saw her as part of a scene invisible to herself. She laid her hand on his arm, not daring to speak again ; but he left the touch unnoticed, 5 and threw himself into his chair.

Jane was already at the door with the hissing urn. "Tell her to keep away, will you?" said Godfrey ; and when the door was closed again he exerted himself to speak more distinctly. 10

"Sit down, Nancy—there," he said, pointing to a chair opposite him. "I came back as soon as I could to hinder anybody's telling you but me. I've had a great shock—but I care most about the shock it'll be to you." 15

"It isn't father and Priscilla?" said Nancy, with quivering lips, clasping her hands together tightly on her lap.

"No, it's nobody living," said Godfrey, unequal to the considerate skill with which he would have wished 20 to make his revelation. "It's Dunstan—my brother Dunstan, that we lost sight of sixteen years ago. We've found him,—found his body—his skeleton."

The deep dread Godfrey's look had created in Nancy made her feel these words a relief. She sat in 25 comparative calmness to hear what else he had to tell. He went on:

"The stone pit has gone dry suddenly,—from the draining, I suppose ; and there he lies—has lain for sixteen years, wedged between two great stones. 30 There's his watch and seals, and there's my gold-handled hunting whip, with my name on. He took it

away, without my knowing, the day he went hunting on Wildfire, the last time he was seen."

Godfrey paused ; it was not so easy to say what came next. "Do you think he drowned himself?" said
5 Nancy, almost wondering that her husband should be so deeply shaken by what had happened all those years ago to an unloved brother, of whom worse things had been augured.

"No, he fell in," said Godfrey, in a low but distinct
10 voice, as if he felt some deep meaning in the fact. Presently he added : "Dunstan was the man that robbed Silas Marner."

The blood rushed to Nancy's face and neck at this surprise and shame, for she had been bred up to regard
15 even a distant kinship with crime as a dishonour.

"O Godfrey!" she said, with compassion in her tone, for she had immediately reflected that the dishonour must be felt still more keenly by her husband.

"There was money in the pit," he continued, "all
20 the weaver's money. Everything's been gathered up, and they're taking the skeleton to the Rainbow. But I came back to tell you. There was no hindering it ; you must know."

He was silent, looking on the ground for two long
25 minutes. Nancy would have said some words of comfort under this disgrace, but she refrained, from an instinctive sense that there was something behind,—that Godfrey had something else to tell her. Presently he lifted his eyes to her face, and kept them fixed on
30 her, as he said :

"Everything comes to light, Nancy, sooner or later. When God Almighty wills it, our secrets are found

out. I've lived with a secret on my mind, but I'll keep it from you no longer. I wouldn't have you know it by somebody else, and not by me—I wouldn't have you find it out after I'm dead. I'll tell you now. It's been 'I will' and 'I won't' with me all my life ; 5 I'll make sure of myself now."

Nancy's utmost dread had returned. The eyes of the husband and wife met with awe in them, as at a crisis which suspended affection.

"Nancy," said Godfrey slowly, "when I married 10 you, I hid something from you,—something I ought to have told you. That woman Marner found dead in the snow—Eppie's mother—that wretched woman—was my wife ; Eppie is my child."

He paused, dreading the effects of his confession. 15 But Nancy sat quite still, only that her eyes dropped and ceased to meet his. She was pale and quiet as a meditative statue, clasping her hands on her lap.

"You'll never think the same of me again," said 20 Godfrey after a little while, with some tremor in his voice. She was silent.

"I oughtn't to have left the child unowned ; I oughtn't to have kept it from you. But I couldn't bear to give you up, Nancy. I was led away into marrying 25 her ; I suffered for it."

Still Nancy was silent, looking down ; and he almost expected that she would presently get up and say she would go to her father's. How could she have any mercy for faults that must seem so black to her, with 30 her simple, severe notions ?

But at last she lifted up her eyes to his again and

spoke. There was no indignation in her voice ; only deep regret.

“Godfrey, if you had but told me this six years ago, we could have done some of our duty by the child.
5 Do you think I'd have refused to take her in, if I'd known she was yours?”

At that moment Godfrey felt all the bitterness of an error that was not simply futile, but had defeated its own end. He had not measured this wife with
10 whom he had lived so long. But she spoke again, with more agitation.

“And—oh, Godfrey—if we'd had her from the first, if you'd taken to her as you ought, she'd have loved me for her mother—and you'd have been happier with
15 me ; I could better have bore my little baby dying, and our life might have been more like what we used to think it 'ud be.”

The tears fell, and Nancy ceased to speak.

“But you wouldn't have married me then, Nancy,
20 if I'd told you,” said Godfrey, urged, in the bitterness of his self-reproach, to prove to himself that his conduct had not been utter folly. “You may think you would now, but you wouldn't then. With your pride and your father's, you'd have hated having any-
25 thing to do with me after the talk there'd have been.”

“I can't say what I should have done about that, Godfrey. I should never have married anybody else. But I wasn't worth doing wrong for ; nothing is in this world. Nothing is so good as it seems before-
30 hand ; not even our marrying wasn't, you see.”

There was a faint, sad smile on Nancy's face as she said the last words.

"I'm a worse man than you thought I was, Nancy," said Godfrey rather tremulously. "Can you forgive me ever?"

"The wrong to me is but little, Godfrey. You've made it up to me; you've been good to me for fifteen 5 years. It's another you did the wrong to; and I doubt³ it can never be all made up for."

"But we can take Eppie now," said Godfrey. "I won't mind the world knowing at last. I'll be plain and open for the rest o' my life." 10

"It'll be different coming to us, now she's grown up," said Nancy, shaking her head sadly. "But it's your duty to acknowledge her and provide for her; and I'll do my part by her, and pray to God Almighty to make her love me." 15

"Then we'll go together to Silas Marner's this very night, as soon as everything's quiet at the Stone Pits."

³ Fear.

8. Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Born 1804. Died 1864.

*The Ambitious Guest.*¹

[The following tale—in point of structure one of the best stories ever written—is an excellent illustration of pure idealism. Unlike the characters of the foregoing selection, the figures stand for types of human life. As individuals they have no value ; it is not to be conceived that particular human beings ever acted and talked as do the characters of the story. The interest of the tale, then, lies in the power with which certain typical moods are portrayed—the odd wish of childhood, the fiery ambition of masculine youth and the gentler passion of girlishness, the prosaic whims of middle life, and the strange conceits of old age ; and the leveling of these aims in the final fact of existence. The symbolism is characteristic of the author : without the perhaps obtrusive moral of such stories as *The Great Carbuncle*, or *Dr. Heidegger's Experiment*, or, again, the excessive subtlety of *The Prophetic Pictures*, it has much of the delicate beauty of *The Scarlet Letter* and *The Marble Faun*.]

ONE September night, a family had gathered round their hearth, and piled it high with the drift-wood of mountain streams, the dry cones of the pine, and the splintered ruins of great trees, that had come crashing down the precipice. Up the chimney roared the fire, and brightened the room with its broad blaze.

¹ From *Twice Told Tales*. Printed by permission of, and by arrangement with, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers of Hawthorne's works.

The faces of the father and mother had a sober gladness ; the children laughed ; the eldest daughter was the image of happiness at seventeen ; and the aged grandmother, who sat knitting in the warmest place, was the image of happiness grown old. They had found the " herb, heart's-ease," in the bleakest spot of all New England. This family were situated in the Notch of the White Hills, where the wind was sharp throughout the year, and pitilessly cold in the winter,—giving their cottage all its fresh inclemency, before it descended on the valley of the Saco. They dwelt in a cold spot and a dangerous one ; for a mountain towered above their heads, so steep, that the stones would often rumble down its sides, and startle them at midnight.

15

The daughter had just uttered some simple jest, that filled them all with mirth, when the wind came through the Notch and seemed to pause before their cottage,—rattling the door, with a sound of wailing and lamentation, before it passed into the valley. For a moment, it saddened them, though there was nothing unusual in the tones. But the family were glad again, when they perceived that the latch was lifted by some traveller, whose footsteps had been unheard amid the dreary blast, which heralded his approach, and wailed as he was entering, and went moaning away from the door.

Though they dwelt in such a solitude, these people held daily converse with the world. The romantic pass of the Notch is a great artery, through which the life-blood of internal commerce is continually throbbing, between Maine on one side and the Green

30

Mountains and the shores of the St. Lawrence on the other. The stage-coach always drew up before the door of the cottage. The wayfarer, with no companion but his staff, paused here to exchange a word, that the sense of loneliness might not utterly overcome him, ere he could pass through the cleft of the mountain, or reach the first house in the valley. And here the teamster, on his way to Portland market, would put up for the night ; and, if a bachelor, might sit an hour beyond the usual bedtime, and steal a kiss from the mountain-maid, at parting. ' It was one of those primitive taverns, where the traveller pays only for food and lodging, but meets with a homely kindness, beyond all price. When the footsteps were heard, therefore, between the outer door and the inner one, the whole family rose up, grandmother, children, and all, as if about to welcome some one who belonged to them, and whose fate was linked with theirs.'

The door was opened by a young man. His face at first wore the melancholy expression, almost despondency, of one who travels a wild and bleak road, at nightfall and alone, but soon brightened up, when he saw the kindly warmth of his reception. He felt his heart spring forward to meet them all, from the old woman, who wiped a chair with her apron, to the little child that held out its arms to him. One glance and smile placed the stranger on a footing of innocent familiarity with the eldest daughter.

² It is the accumulation of such slight and seemingly unimportant effects as this, as well as the reiterated acts of nature, which prepare the way for the final catastrophe.

"Ah, this fire is the right thing!" cried he; "especially when there is such a pleasant circle round it. I am quite benumbed; for the Notch is just like the pipe of a great pair of bellows, it has blown a terrible blast in my face, all the way from Bartlett." 5

"Then you are going toward Vermont?" said the master of the house, as he helped to take a light knapsack off the young man's shoulders.

"Yes; to Burlington, and far enough beyond," replied he. "I meant to have been at Ethan Crawford's to-night; but a pedestrian lingers along such a road as this. It is no matter; for, when I saw this good fire, and all your cheerful faces, I felt as if you had kindled it on purpose for me, and were waiting my arrival. So I shall sit down among you, and make 15 myself at home."

The frank-hearted stranger had just drawn his chair to the fire, when something like a heavy footstep was heard without, rushing down the steep side of the mountain, as with long and rapid strides, and taking 20 such a leap, in passing the cottage, as to strike the opposite precipice. The family held their breath, because they knew the sound, and their guest held his, by instinct.

"The old mountain has thrown a stone at us, for 25 fear we should forget him," said the landlord, recovering himself. "He sometimes nods his head, and threatens to come down; but we are old neighbors, and agree together pretty well, upon the whole. Besides, we have a sure place of refuge, hard by, if he 30 should be coming in good earnest."

Let us now suppose the stranger to have finished

his supper of bear's meat ; and, by his natural felicity of manner, to have placed himself on a footing of kindness with the whole family, so that they talked as freely together, as if he belonged to their mountain brood.} He was of a proud, yet gentle spirit,—haughty and reserved among the rich and great ; but ever ready to stoop his head to the lowly cottage door, and be like a brother or a son at the poor man's fireside. In the household of the Notch, he found warmth and simplicity of feeling, the pervading intelligence of New England, and a poetry of native growth, which they had gathered, when they little thought of it, from the mountain peaks and chasms, and at the very threshold of their romantic and dangerous abode. He had travelled far and alone ; his whole life, indeed, had been a solitary path : for, with the lofty caution of his nature, he had kept himself apart from those who might otherwise have been his companions. The family, too, though so kind and hospitable, had that consciousness of unity among themselves, and separation from the world at large, which, in every domestic circle, should still keep a holy place, where no stranger may intrude. But, (this evening, a prophetic sympathy impelled the refined and educated youth to pour out his heart before the simple mountaineers, and constrained them to answer him with the same free confidence. And thus it should have been. Is not the kindred of a common fate a closer tie than that of birth ?

The secret of the young man's character was, a high and abstracted ambition. He could have borne to live an undistinguished life, but not to be forgotten in

the grave. Yearning desire had been transformed to hope ; and hope, long cherished, had become like certainty, that, obscurely as he journeyed now, a glory was to beam on all his pathway,—though not, perhaps, while he was treading it. But, when posterity should gaze back into the gloom of what was now the present, they would trace the brightness of his footsteps, brightening as meaner glories faded, and confess, that a gifted one had passed from his cradle to his tomb, with none to recognize him. 5 10

“As yet,” cried the stranger, his cheek glowing and his eye flashing with enthusiasm,—“as yet, I have done nothing. Were I to vanish from the earth to-morrow, none would know so much of me as you ; that a nameless youth came up, at nightfall, from the valley of the Saco, and opened his heart to you in the evening, and passed through the Notch, by sunrise, and was seen no more. Not a soul would ask, ‘Who was he? Whither did the wanderer go?’ But, I cannot die till I have achieved my destiny. Then, let Death come ! I shall have built my monument !” 15 20

There was a continual flow of natural emotion, gushing forth amid abstracted revery, which enabled the family to understand this young man’s sentiments, though so foreign from their own. With quick sensibility of the ludicrous, he blushed at the ardor into which he had been betrayed. 25

“You laugh at me,” said he, taking the eldest daughter’s hand, and laughing himself. “You think my ambition as nonsensical as if I were to freeze myself to death on the top of Mount Washington, only that people might spy at me from the country round 30

about. And truly, that would be a noble pedestal for a man's statue !”

“It is better to sit here by this fire,” answered the girl, blushing, “and be comfortable and contented, though nobody thinks about us.”

“I suppose,” said her father, after a fit of musing, “there is something natural in what the young man says ; and if my mind had been turned that way, I might have felt just the same. It is strange, wife, how his talk has set my head running on things that are pretty certain never to come to pass.”

“Perhaps they may,” observed the wife. “Is the man thinking what he will do when he is a widower ?”

15 “No, no !” cried he, repelling the idea with reproachful kindness. “When I think of your death, Esther, I think of mine, too. But I was wishing we had a good farm, in Bartlett, or Bethlehem, or Littleton, or some other township round the White Moun-
25 tains ; but not where they could tumble on our heads. I should want to stand well with my neighbors, and be called Squire, and sent to General Court for a term or two ; for a plain, honest man may do as much good there as a lawyer. And when I should be grown quite
30 an old man, and you an old woman, so as not to be long apart, I might die happy enough in my bed, and leave you all crying around me. A slate gravestone would suit me as well as a marble one,—with just my name and age, and a verse of a hymn, and something
35 to let people know that I lived an honest man and died a Christian.”

“There now !” exclaimed the stranger ; “it is our

nature to desire a monument, be it slate, or marble, or a pillar of granite, or a glorious memory in the universal heart of man."

"We're in a strange way, to-night," said the wife, with tears in her eyes. "They say it's a sign of some- 5 thing, when folks' minds go a wandering so. Hark to the children!"

They listened accordingly. The younger children had been put to bed in another room, but with an open door between, so that they could be heard talk- 10 ing busily among themselves. One and all seemed to have caught the infection from the fireside circle, and were outvying each other in wild wishes and childish projects of what they would do when they came to be men and women. At length, a little boy, instead of 15 addressing his brothers and sisters, called out to his mother.

"I'll tell you what I wish, mother," cried he. "I want you and father and grandma'm, and all of us, and the stranger too, to start right away, and go and take 20 a drink out of the basin of the Flume!"

Nobody could help laughing at the child's notion of leaving a warm bed, and dragging them from a cheerful fire, to visit the basin of the Flume,—a brook which tumbles over the precipice, deep within the 25 Notch. The boy had hardly spoken, when a wagon rattled along the road, and stopped a moment before the door. It appeared to contain two or three men, who were cheering their hearts with the rough chorus of a song, which resounded, in broken notes, between 30 the cliffs, while the singers hesitated whether to continue their journey, or put up here for the night.

"Father," said the girl, "they are calling you by name."

But the good man doubted whether they had really called him, and was unwilling to show himself too solicitous of gain, by inviting people to patronize his house. He therefore did not hurry to the door; and the lash being soon applied, the travellers plunged into the Notch, still singing and laughing, though their music and mirth came back drearily from the heart of the mountain.

"There, mother!" cried the boy again. "They'd have given us a ride to the Flume."

Again they laughed at the child's pertinacious fancy for a night ramble. But it happened, that a light cloud passed over the daughter's spirit; she looked gravely into the fire, and drew a breath that was almost a sigh. It forced its way, in spite of a little struggle to repress it. Then starting and blushing, she looked quickly round the circle, as if they had caught a glimpse into her bosom. The stranger asked what she had been thinking of.

"Nothing," answered she with a downcast smile.

"Only I felt lonesome just then."

"O, I have always had a gift of feeling what is in other people's hearts!" said he, half seriously. "Shall I tell the secrets of yours? For I know what to think, when a young girl shivers by a warm hearth, and complains of lonesomeness at her mother's side. Shall I put these feelings into words?"

"They would not be a girl's feelings any longer, if they could be put into words," replied the mountain nymph, laughing, but avoiding his eye.

All this was said apart. Perhaps a germ of love was springing in their hearts, so pure that it might blossom in Paradise, since it could not be matured on earth ; for women worship such gentle dignity as his ; and the proud, contemplative, yet kindly soul is oftenest captivated by simplicity like hers. But, while they spoke softly, and he was watching the happy sadness, the lightsome shadows, the sly yearnings of a maiden's nature, the wind, through the Notch, took a deeper and drearier sound. It seemed, as the fanciful stranger said, like the choral strain of the spirits of the blast, who, in old Indian times, had their dwelling among these mountains, and made their heights and recesses a sacred region. There was a wail, along the road, as if a funeral were passing. To chase away the gloom, the family threw pine branches on their fire, till the dry leaves crackled and the flame arose, discovering once again a scene of peace and humble happiness. The light hovered about them fondly, and caressed them all. There were the little faces of the children, peeping from their bed apart, and here the father's frame of strength, the mother's subdued and careful mien, the high-browed youth, the budding girl, and the good old grandam, still knitting in the warmest place. The aged woman looked up from her task, and, with fingers ever busy, was the next to speak.

"Old folks have their notions," said she, "as well as young ones. You've been wishing and planning ; and letting your heads run on one thing and another, till you've set my mind a wandering too. Now what should an old woman wish for, when she can go but a

step or two before she comes to her grave? Children, it will haunt me night and day till I tell you."

"What is it, mother?" cried the husband and wife, at once.

5 Then the old woman, with an air of mystery, which drew the circle closer round the fire, informed them that she had provided her graveclothes some years before,—a nice linen shroud, a cap with a muslin ruff, and everything of a finer sort than she had worn since
10 her wedding-day. But, this evening, an old superstition had strangely recurred to her. It used to be said, in her younger days, that, if anything were amiss with a corpse, if only the ruff were not smooth, or the cap did not set right, the corpse, in the coffin and beneath
15 the clods, would strive to put up its cold hands and arrange it. The bare thought made her nervous.

"Don't talk so, grandmother!" said the girl, shuddering.

"Now," continued the old woman, with singular
20 earnestness, yet smiling strangely at her own folly, "I want one of you, my children,—when your mother is dressed and in her coffin,—I want one of you to hold a looking-glass over my face. Who knows but I may take a glimpse at myself, and see whether all's
25 right?"

"Old and young, we dream of graves and monuments," murmured the stranger youth. "I wonder how mariners feel, when the ship is sinking, and they, unknown and undistinguished, are to be buried
30 together in the ocean,—that wide and nameless sepulchre?"

For a moment, the old woman's ghastly conception

so engrossed the minds of her hearers, that a sound abroad in the night, rising like the roar of a blast, had grown broad, deep, and terrible, before the fated group were conscious of it.³ The house, and all within it, trembled ; the foundations of the earth seemed to be shaken, as if this awful sound were the peal of the last trump. Young and old exchanged one wild glance, and remained an instant, pale, affrighted, without utterance, or power to move. Then the same shriek burst simultaneously from all their lips :

“The Slide ! The Slide !”

The simplest words must intimate, but not portray, the unutterable horror of the catastrophe. The victims rushed from their cottage, and sought refuge in what they deemed a safer spot,—where, in contemplation of such an emergency, a sort of barrier had been reared. Alas ! they had quitted their security, and fled right into the pathway of destruction. Down came the whole side of the mountain, in a cataract of ruin. Just before it reached the house, the stream broke into two branches,—shivered not a window there, but overwhelmed the whole vicinity, blocked up the road, and annihilated everything in its dreadful course. Long ere the thunder of that great Slide

³ The admirable narrative effect of the sentence, and of the paragraph, should be noted. The mind of the reader, like that of the listeners, is so engrossed in the old woman's conception, that the sound steals upon them, at first quietly,—it is merely a sound ; it becomes a sound “abroad in the night” ; it rises “like the roar of a blast” ; it grows “broad, deep, and terrible.” Suddenly, at the culmination, the interest jumps back to the listeners, as if they started at their death-knell.

had ceased to roar among the mountains, the mortal agony had been endured, and the victims were at peace. Their bodies were never found.

The next morning, the light smoke was seen stealing from the cottage chimney, up the mountain-side. Within, the fire was yet smouldering on the hearth, and the chairs in a circle round it, as if the inhabitants had but gone forth to view the devastation of the Slide, and would shortly return, to thank Heaven for their miraculous escape. All had left separate tokens, by which those who had known the family were made to shed a tear for each. Who has not heard their name? The story has been told far and wide, and will forever be a legend of these mountains. Poets have sung their fate.

There were circumstances which led some to suppose that a stranger had been received into the cottage on this awful night, and had shared the catastrophe of all its inmates. Others denied that there were sufficient grounds for such a conjecture. Woe, for the high-souled youth, with his dream of earthly immortality! His name and person utterly unknown; his history, his way of life, his plans, a mystery never to be solved; his death and his existence equally a doubt! Whose was the agony of that death moment?

[The cumulative effect noted above (note ³) underlies the structure of the whole story, and gives it such remarkable unity. This accumulation comes about in two ways: from the outside, that is, through the interruptions of the storm and the travellers passing by; and from the inside, through the conversation. In each case, as in the seemingly ordinary details of the opening paragraph, the suggestion is of a slightly foreboding nature only, but by succes-

sive steps the human conception becomes more intense and nature more violent, until, in the final catastrophe, the last strange human whim is crushed out by the wilder freak of nature. The various steps to this climax are worth careful examination, especially the gathering violence of the elements—the general danger, the crashing stone, the howling wind rushing up the valley with the travellers, and the Slide itself.]

9. Joseph Addison.

Born 1672. Died 1719.

*The Vision of Mirzah.*¹

[Addison's well-known story is an excellent example of the didactic tale, which may be regarded as the logical outgrowth, though in point of time the precursor, of the idealistic story. The actors in the didactic tale move not as individuals, hardly, again, as types of human life and passion, but as the mechanism of morality. These actors, as in the pure allegory, are often blocks and stones and worse than senseless things; or they may be named with human names, as in the novel with a purpose; but the moral aim is everywhere transcendent, is often "clumsily forced into every hole and corner of the story, or thrown externally over it like a carpet over a railing." Addison's tale, however, without being preposterously allegorical, is honest narrative in that it confesses the moral purpose. In this respect it is like *Pilgrim's Progress* rather than that great class of "novels with a purpose," best represented by Godwin's *Caleb Williams*, and the later and more popular *Looking Backward*, which serve up exposition in the dressing of a story, and in that guise force a socialistic pill down the throats of unsuspecting readers. Moreover, the style of Addison's story is worthy of study.]

WHEN I was at Grand Cairo I picked up several Oriental manuscripts, which I have still by me. Among others I met with one entitled, *The Visions of Mirzah*, which I have read over with great pleasure.
5 I intend to give it to the public when I have no other entertainment for them; and shall begin with the first

¹ From *The Spectator*, No. 159.

vision, which I have translated word for word as follows :

ON the fifth day of the moon, which according to the custom of my forefathers I always kept holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life ; and passing from one thought to another, surely, said I, man is but a shadow and life a dream. Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from anything I had ever heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in paradise, to wear out the impressions of their last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius ; and that several had been entertained with music who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts, by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him

like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and as my heart was
5 entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with
10 which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, Mirzah, said he, I have heard thee in thy soliloquies, follow me.

He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placed me on the top of it. Cast thy eyes east-
15 ward, said he, and tell me what thou seest. I see, said I, a huge valley and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it. The valley that thou seest, said he, is the vale of misery, and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great tide of eternity. What
20 is the reason, said I, that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other? What thou seest, says he, is that portion of eternity which is called time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of
25 the world to its consummation. Examine now, said he, this sea that is thus bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it. I see a bridge, said I, standing in the midst of the tide. The bridge thou seest, said he, is human life;
30 consider it attentively. Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which

added to those that were entire, made up the number about an hundred. As I was counting the arches the genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches ; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition 5 I now beheld it. But tell me, further, said he, what thou discoverest on it. I see multitudes of people passing over it, said I, and a black cloud hanging on each end of it. As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge, 10 into the great tide that flowed underneath it ; and upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the tide and immediately dis- 15 appeared. These hidden pit-falls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards 20 the end of the arches that were entire.

There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long 25 a walk.

I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in 30 the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at everything that stood by them to save themselves. Some

were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and in the midst of a speculation stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of baubles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them, but often when they thought
5 themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed and down they sunk. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scimetars in their hands, and others with urinals, who ran to and fro upon the
10 bridge, thrusting several persons upon trap-doors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped, had they not been thus forced upon them.

The genius seeing me indulge myself in this
15 melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it : take thine eyes off the bridge, said he, and tell me if thou seest anything thou dost not comprehend. Upon looking up, what mean, said I, those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering
20 about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time ? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches. These, said the genius, are envy,
25 avarice, superstition, despair, love, with the like cares and passions, that infect human life.

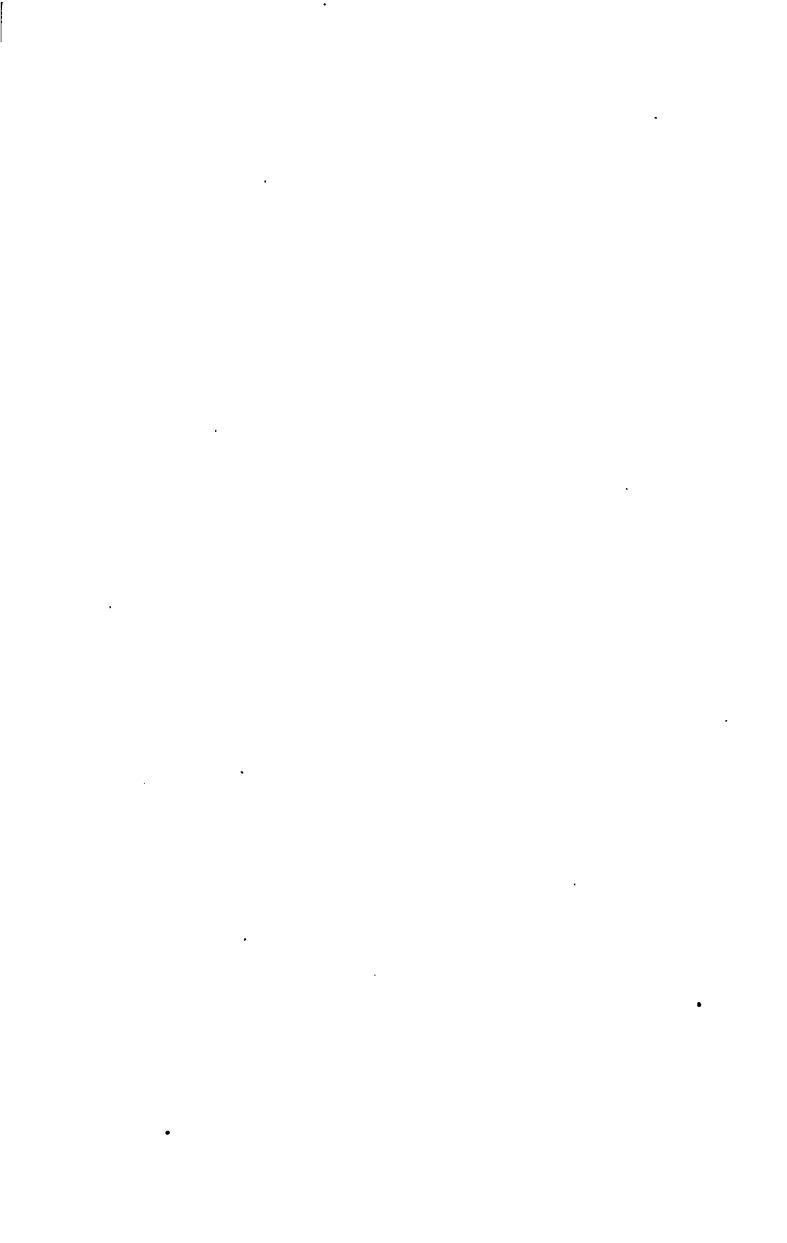
I here fetched a deep sigh ; alas, said I, man was made in vain ! How is he given away to misery and mortality ! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death !
30 The genius, being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. Look no more, said he, on a man in the first stage of his exist-

ence, in his setting out for eternity ; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it. I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it : but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of the fountains, or resting on beds of flowers ; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats ; but the genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. The islands, said he, that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea-shore ; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching farther

than thy eyes, or even thine imagination, can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among
5 these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them : every island is a paradise, accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirzah, habitations
10 worth contending for ? Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward ? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence ? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him. I
15 gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length, said I, show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant. The genius making me no answer, I
20 turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me. I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating, but, instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow
25 valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it.



PART IV.
SPECIMENS ILLUSTRATING STYLE IN
NARRATION.



STYLE IN NARRATION.

1. William Makepeace Thackeray.

Born 1811. Died 1863.

FROM *Vanity Fair*, CHAPTER XXXII.

IN WHICH JOS TAKES FLIGHT, AND THE WAR IS,
BROUGHT TO A CLOSE.

[The effect of the passage which follows may best be summed up in the words of Professor Wendell :

“ An interesting composition from this point of view [rhetorical mass] is the chapter in *Vanity Fair* which tells of the battle of Waterloo. In point of fact, I rather think Thackeray had never seen a great battle, and was too prudent an artist to venture on the description of a very notable kind of thing which he knew only from hearsay. He lays his scene in Brussels, then, and tells with great vividness and detail the story of the panic there,—not essentially a different thing from any other scene of general excitement and confusion and terror ; a great deal nearer the ordinary experience of human beings than any form of battle, murder, or sudden death. But he never lets you forget that what has made this panic is Waterloo : every now and then you hear the growling of the cannon, and feel, hovering not far off, the dreadful shadow of Bonaparte. So—in my little Tauchnitz edition—he writes for twenty-two pages, dwelling at greatest length on that part of his subject which he was best able to treat, and leaving in the reader’s mind—what every writer really wishes to leave there—a deep sense of reality and of power. But this has not told his whole story. In the last page and a half he tells very briefly what had been doing in the field all this time, and in his very last

paragraph—and the very last words of it—he tells the fact which makes the passage an essential part of his story. . . . For skilful massing that chapter has always impressed me as notable. It is the space given to Brussels that emphasizes the part of the story which Thackeray could tell best ; it is the placing of that single sentence about George Osborne—not even a sentence, only a relative clause—which leaves it once for all inevitably in the reader's memory.”—*English Composition*, p. 171.

Specifically, the battle is kept before the reader in several ways : there is first the narrative of the general alarm at the news that the French had entered Belgium, and the panic which followed the marching out of the English from Brussels ; then follows Jos's scare, played upon by the resoluteness of Mrs. O'Dowd, the braggart tale of the Belgian hussar, and Rebecca's trickery ; the proclamation of the actual result of Quatre Bras ; the arrival of Tom Stubble with news from the field ; the long night watches ; the nearer and vaguer and more appalling rumors of the second day ; the flight of Jos ; and the brief narrative of Waterloo itself. In each of these well-blended episodes the style is fitted to the point of view ; there is some scurry at first ; Jos's absurdities are genuinely humorous ; and the simple dignity of the style in the last scene adds much to the climax. The purpose of the whole is undoubtedly to convey through style, as well as through the events, the miscellaneous effect of panic. The closing chapter of *The Newcomes* deserves comparison with this.

As in the foregoing passage from *Silas Marner* (III., 7) the spelling of the English edition is retained.]

WE of peaceful London city have never beheld—and please God never shall witness—such a scene of hurry and alarm as that which Brussels presented. Crowds rushed to the Namur gate, from which direction the noise proceeded, and many rode along the level *chaussée*, to be in advance of any intelligence from the army. Each man asked his neighbour for news ; and even great English lords and ladies con-

descended to speak to persons whom they did not know. The friends of the French went abroad, wild with excitement, and prophesying the triumph of their Emperor. The merchants closed their shops, and
5 came out to swell the general chorus of alarm and clamour. Women rushed to the churches, and crowded the chapels, and knelt and prayed on the flags and steps. The dull sound of the cannon went on rolling, rolling. Presently carriages with travellers began to
10 leave the town, galloping away by the Ghent barrier. The prophesies of the French partisans began to pass for facts. "He has cut the armies in two," it was said. "He is marching straight on Brussels. He will overpower the English, and be here to-night." "He
15 will overpower the English," shrieked Isidor to his master, "and will be here to-night." The man bounded in and out from the lodgings to the street, always returning with some fresh particulars of disaster. Jos's face grew paler and paler. Alarm
20 began to take entire possession of the stout civilian. All the champagne he drank brought no courage to him. Before sunset he was worked up to such a pitch of nervousness as gratified his friend Isidor to behold, who now counted surely upon the spoils of the owner
25 of the laced coat.¹

The women were away all this time. After hearing the firing for a moment, the stout major's wife bethought her of her friend in the next chamber, and ran in to watch, and if possible to console, Amelia.

¹ The interest, it will be observed, shifts suddenly from paragraph to paragraph before settling down, so to speak, on Jos and the little group of watchers.

The idea that she had that helpless and gentle creature to protect, gave additional strength to the natural courage of the honest Irishwoman. She passed five hours by her friend's side, sometimes in remonstrance, sometimes talking cheerfully, oftener in silence, and 5 terrified mental supplication. "I never let go her hand once," said the stout lady afterwards, "until after sunset, when the firing was over." Pauline, the *bonne*, was on her knees at church hard by, praying for *son homme à elle*. 10

When the noise of the cannonading was over, Mrs. O'Dowd issued out of Amelia's room into the parlour adjoining, where Jos sate with two emptied flasks, and courage entirely gone. Once or twice he had ventured into his sister's bedroom, looking very much alarmed, 15 and as if he would say something. But the major's wife kept her place, and he went away without disburthening himself of his speech. He was ashamed to tell her that he wanted to fly.

But when she made her appearance in the dining-20 room, where he sate in the twilight in the cheerless company of his empty champagne bottles, he began to open his mind to her.

"Mrs. O'Dowd," he said, "hadn't you better get Amelia ready?" 25

"Are you going to take her out for a walk?" said the major's lady; "sure she's too weak to stir."

"I—I've ordered the carriage," he said, "and—and post-horses; Isidor is gone for them," Jos continued.

"What do you want with driving to-night?" 30 answered the lady. "Isn't she better on her bed? I've just got her to lie down."

"Get her up," said Jos; "she must get up, I say," and he stamped his foot energetically. "I say the horses are ordered—yes, the horses are ordered. It's all over, and——"

5 "And what?" asked Mrs. O'Dowd.

"I'm off for Ghent," Jos answered. "Everybody is going; there's a place for you! We shall start in half-an-hour."

The major's wife looked at him with infinite scorn.
10 "I don't move till O'Dowd gives me the route," said she. "You may go if you like, Mr. Sedley; but, faith, Amelia and I stop here."

"She *shall* go," said Jos, with another stamp of his foot. Mrs. O'Dowd put herself with arms akimbo
15 before the bedroom door.

"Is it her mother you're going to take her to?" she said; "or do you want to go to Mamma yourself, Mr. Sedley! Good marning—a pleasant journey to ye, sir. *Bon voyage*, as they say, and take my counsel,
20 and shave off them mustachios, or they'll bring you into mischief."

"D——n!" yelled out Jos, wild with fear, rage, and mortification; and Isidor came in at this juncture, swearing in his turn. "*Pas de chevaux, sacrebleu!*"
25 hissed out the furious domestic. All the horses were gone. Jos was not the only man in Brussels seized with panic that day.

But Jos's fears, great and cruel as they were already, were destined to increase to an almost frantic pitch
30 before the night was over. It has been mentioned how Pauline, the *bonne*, had *son homme à elle* also in the ranks of the army that had gone out to meet the

Emperor Napoleon. This lover was a native of Brussels, and a Belgian hussar. The troops of his nation signalized themselves in this war for anything but courage, and young Van Cutsum, Pauline's admirer, was too good a soldier to disobey his colonel's orders to run away. While in garrison in Brussels young Regulus (he had been born in the revolutionary times) found his great comfort, and passed almost all his leisure moments, in Pauline's kitchen ; and it was with pockets and holsters crammed full of good things from her larder, that he had taken leave of his weeping sweetheart, to proceed upon the campaign a few days before.

As far as his regiment was concerned, this campaign was over now. They had formed a part of the division under the command of his sovereign apparent, the Prince of Orange, and as respected length of swords and mustachios, and the richness of uniform and equipments, Regulus and his comrades looked to be as gallant a band of men as ever trumpet sounded for.

When Ney dashed upon the advance of the allied troops, carrying one position after the other, until the arrival of the great body of the English army from Brussels changed the aspect of the combat of Quatre Bras, the squadrons among which Regulus rode showed the greatest activity in retreating before the French, and were dislodged from one post and another which they occupied with perfect alacrity on their part. Their movements were only checked by the advance of the British in their rear. Thus forced to halt, the enemy's cavalry (whose bloodthirsty obstinacy cannot be too severely reprehended) had at length an oppor-

tunity of coming to close quarters with the brave Belgians before them, who preferred to encounter the British rather than the French, and at once turning tail rode through the English regiments that were
5 behind them, and scattered in all directions. The regiment in fact did not exist any more. It was nowhere. It had no headquarters. Regulus found himself galloping many miles from the field of action, entirely alone ; and whither should he fly for refuge
10 so naturally as to that kitchen and those faithful arms in which Pauline had so often welcomed him ?

At some ten o'clock the clinking of the sabre might have been heard up the stair of the house where the Osbornes occupied a story in the continental fashion.
15 A knock might have been heard at the kitchen door ; and poor Pauline, come back from church, fainted almost with terror as she opened it and saw before her her haggard hussar. He looked as pale as the midnight dragoon who came to disturb Leonora. Pauline
20 would have screamed, but that her cry would have called her masters, and discovered her friend. She stifled her scream, then, and leading her hero into the kitchen, gave him beer, and the choice bits from the dinner, which Jos had not had the heart to taste. The
25 hussar showed he was no ghost by the prodigious quantity of flesh and beer which he devoured—and during the mouthfuls he told his tale of disaster.

His regiment had performed prodigies of courage, and had withstood for a while the onset of the whole
30 French army. But they were overwhelmed at last, as was the whole British army by this time. Ney destroyed each regiment as it came up. The Belgians

in vain interposed to prevent the butchery of the English. The Brunswickers were routed and had fled—their Duke was killed. It was a general *débâcle*. He sought to drown his sorrows for the defeat in floods of beer.³

Isidor, who had come into the kitchen, heard the conversation and rushed out to inform his master. “It is all over!” he shrieked to Jos. “Milor Duke is a prisoner; the Duke of Brunswick is killed; the British army is in full flight; there is only one man escaped, and he is in the kitchen now—come and hear him.” So Jos tottered into that apartment where Regulus still sate on the kitchen table, and clung fast to his flagon of beer. In the best French which he could muster, and which was in sooth of a very ungrammatical sort, Jos besought the hussar to tell his tale. The disasters deepened as Regulus spoke. He was the only man of his regiment not slain on the field. He had seen the Duke of Brunswick fall, the Black Hussars fly, the Ecossais pounded down by the cannon.

“And the —th?” gasped Jos.

“Cut in pieces,” said the hussar—upon which Pauline cried out, “O my mistress, *ma bonne petite dame*,” went off fairly into hysterics, and filled the house with her screams.

Wild with terror, Mr. Sedley knew not how or where to seek for safety. He rushed from the kitchen back to the sitting-room, and cast an appealing look at Amelia’s door, which Mrs. O’Dowd had closed and

³The movement of the preceding short sentences excellently prepares the way for this anticlimax.

locked in his face ; but he remembered how scornfully the latter had received him, and after pausing and listening for a brief space at the door, he left it and resolved to go into the street, for the first time that
5 day. So seizing a candle, he looked about for his gold-laced cap, and found it lying in its usual place, on a console-table in the ante-room, placed before a mirror at which Jos used to coquet, always giving his side-locks a twirl, and his cap the proper cock
10 over his eye, before he went forth to make appearance in public. Such is the force of habit, that even in the midst of his terror he began mechanically to twiddle with his hair and arrange the cock of his hat. Then he looked amazed at the pale face in the glass before
15 him, and especially at his mustachios, which had attained a rich growth in the course of near seven weeks, since they had come into the world. They *will* mistake me for a military man, thought he, remembering Isidor's warning as to the massacre with
20 which all the defeated British army was threatened ; and staggering back to his bed-chamber, he began wildly pulling the bell which summoned his valet.

Isidor answered that summons. Jos had sunk in a chair—he had torn off his neckcloths and turned down
25 his collars, and was sitting with both his hands lifted to his throat.

"*Coupez-moi*, Isidor," shouted he ; "*vite ! Coupez-moi !*"

Isidor thought for a moment he had gone mad, and
30 that he wished his valet to cut his throat.

"*Les moustaches*," gasped Jos ; "*les moustaches—coupy, rasy, vite !*"—his French was of this sort—

voluble, as we have said, but not remarkable for grammar.

Isidor swept off the mustachios in no time with the razor, and heard with inexpressible delight his master's orders that he should fetch a hat and a plain coat. 5
"Ne porty ploo—habit militair—bonny—bonny a voo, prennny dehors"—were Jos's words—the coat and cap were at last his property.

This gift being made, Jos selected a plain black coat and waistcoat from his stock, and put on a large 10 white neckcloth and a plain beaver. If he could have got a shovel-hat he would have worn it. As it was, you would have fancied he was a flourishing, large parson of the Church of England.

"Venny maintenong," he continued, *"sweevy—ally—15 party—dong la roo."* And so having said, he plunged swiftly down the stairs of the house and passed into the street.

Although Regulus had vowed that he was the only man of his regiment or the allied army, almost, who 20 had escaped being cut to pieces by Ney, it appeared that this statement was incorrect, and that a good number more of the supposed victims had survived the massacre. Many scores of Regulus's comrades had found their way back to Brussels, and—all agreeing that they 25 had run away—filled the whole town with an idea of the defeat of the Allies. The arrival of the French was expected hourly; the panic continued, and preparations for flight went on everywhere. No horses! thought Jos, in terror. He made Isidor 30 inquire of scores of persons, whether they had any to lend or sell, and his heart sunk within him at

the negative answers returned everywhere. Should he take the journey on foot? Even fear could not render that ponderous body so active.

Almost all the hotels occupied by the English in
5 Brussels face the Parc, and Jos wandered irresolutely about in this quarter, with crowds of other people, oppressed as he was by fear and curiosity. Some families he saw more happy than himself, having discovered a team of horses, and rattling through the
10 streets in retreat; others again there were whose case was like his own, and who could not for any bribes or entreaties procure the necessary means of flight. Among those would-be fugitives Jos remarked the Lady Bareacres and her daughter, who sate in their
15 carriage in the *porte-cochère* of their hotel, all their imperials packed, and the only drawback to whose flight was the same want of motive power which kept Jos stationary.

Rebecca Crawley occupied apartments in this hotel;
20 and had before this period had sundry hostile meetings with the ladies of the Bareacres family. My Lady Bareacres cut Mrs. Crawley on the stairs when they met by chance; and in all places where the latter's name was mentioned, spoke perseveringly ill of
25 her neighbour. The Countess was shocked at the familiarity of General Tufto with the aide-de-camp's wife. The Lady Blanche avoided her as if she had been an infectious disease. Only the Earl himself kept up a sly occasional acquaintance with her, when
30 out of the jurisdiction of his ladies.

Rebecca had her revenge upon these insolent enemies. It became known in the hotel that Captain

Crawley's horses had been left behind, and when the panic began, Lady Bareacres condescended to send her maid to the captain's wife with her ladyship's compliments, and a desire to know the price of Crawley's horses. Mrs. Crawley returned a note with her 5 compliments, and an intimation that it was not her custom to transact bargains with ladies' maids.

This curt reply brought the Earl in person to Becky's apartment, but he could get no more success than the first ambassador. "Send a lady's maid to 10 *me!*" Mrs. Crawley cried in great anger, "why didn't my Lady Bareacres tell me to go and saddle the horses! Is it her ladyship that wants to escape, or her ladyship's *femme de chambre?*" And this was all the answer that the Earl brought back to his Countess. 15

What will not necessity do? The Countess herself actually came to wait upon Mrs. Crawley on the failure of her second envoy. She entreated her to name her own price; she even offered to invite Becky to Bareacres House, if the latter would give 20 her the means of returning to that residence. Mrs. Crawley sneered at her.

"I don't want to be waited on by bailiffs in livery," she said; "you will never get back though, most probably—at least not you and your diamonds 25 together. The French will have those. They will be here in two hours, and I shall be half way to Ghent by that time. I would not sell you my horses: no, not for the two largest diamonds that your ladyship wore at the ball." Lady Bareacres trembled with rage and 30 terror. The diamonds were sewed into her habit, and secreted in my lord's padding and boots. "Woman,

the diamonds are at the banker's, and I *will* have the horses!" she said. Rebecca laughed in her face. The infuriate Countess went below and sate in her carriage; her maid, her courier, and her husband were sent once
5 more through the town, each to look for cattle; and woe betide those who came last! Her ladyship was resolved on departing the very instant the horses arrived from any quarter—with her husband or without him.

10 Rebecca had the pleasure of seeing her ladyship in the horseless carriage, and keeping her eyes fixed upon her, and bewailing, in the loudest tone of voice, the Countess's perplexities. "Not to be able to get horses!" she said, "and to have all those diamonds sewed into
15 the carriage cushions! What a prize it will be for the French when they come!—the carriage and the diamonds I mean; not the lady!" She gave this information to the landlord, to the servants, to the guests, and the innumerable stragglers about the court-
20 yard. Lady Bareacres could have shot her from the carriage window.³

It was while enjoying the humiliation of the enemy that Rebecca caught sight of Jos, who made toward her directly he perceived her.

25 That altered, frightened, fat face told his secret well enough. He, too, wanted to fly, and was on the lookout for the means of escape. "*He* shall buy my horses," thought Rebecca, "and I'll ride the mare."

Jos walked up to his friend, and put the question

³ The sudden change of subject gives the sentence an effect in kind not unlike that of the final paragraph. Its abruptness perhaps suggests the intense hatred of Lady Bareacres.

for the hundredth time during the past hour, "Did she know where horses were to be had?"

"What, *you* fly?" said Rebecca, with a laugh. "I thought you were the champion of all the ladies, Mr. Sedley."

"I—I'm not a military man," gasped he.

"And Amelia?—Who is to protect that poor little sister of yours?" asked Rebecca. "You surely would not desert her?"

"What good can I do her, suppose—suppose the 10 enemy arrive?" Jos answered. "They'll spare the women, but my man tells me that they have taken an oath to give no quarter to the men—the dastardly cowards!"

"Horrid!" cried Rebecca, enjoying his perplexity. 15

"Besides, I don't want to desert her!" cried the brother. "She *sha'n't* be deserted. There is a seat for her in my carriage, and one for you, dear Mrs. Crawley, if you will come, and if we can get horses——" sighed he.

"I have two to sell," the lady said. Jos could have flung himself into her arms at the news. "Get the carriage, Isidor!" he cried; "we've found them—we have found them." 20

"My horses never were in harness," added the lady. 25 "Bullfinch would kick the carriage to pieces if you put him in the traces."

"But he is quiet to ride?" asked the civilian.

"As quiet as a lamb, and as fast as a hare," answered Rebecca. 30

"Do you think he is up to my weight?" Jos said. He was already on his back, in imagination, without

ever so much as a thought for poor Amelia. What person who loved a horse-speculation could resist such a temptation?

In reply, Rebecca asked him to come into her room, 5 whither he followed her quite breathless to conclude the bargain. Jos seldom spent a half hour in his life which cost him so much money. Rebecca, measuring the value of the goods which she had for sale by Jos's eagerness to purchase, as well as by the scarcity of the 10 article, put upon her horses a price so prodigious as to make even the civilian draw back. "She would sell both or neither," she said, resolutely. Rawdon had ordered her not to part with them for a less price than that which she specified. Lord Bareacres below 15 would give her the same money—and with all her love and regard for the Sedley family, her dear Mr. Joseph must conceive that poor people must live—nobody, in a word, could be more affectionate, but more firm, about the matter of business.

20 Jos ended by agreeing, as might be supposed of him. The sum he had to give her was so large that he was obliged to ask for time; so large as to be a little fortune to Rebecca, who rapidly calculated that with this sum, and the sale of the residue of Rawdon's effects, 25 and her pension as a widow should he fall, she would now be absolutely independent of the world, and might look her weeds steadily in the face.

Once or twice in the day she certainly had herself thought about flying. But her reason gave her better 30 counsel. "Suppose the French do come," thought Becky, "what can they do to a poor officer's widow? Bah! the times of sacks and sieges are over. We

shall be let to go home quietly, or I may live pleasantly abroad with a snug little income."

Meanwhile, Jos and Isidor went off to the stables to inspect the newly purchased cattle. Jos made his man saddle the horses at once.⁴ He would ride away 5 that very night, that very hour. And he left the valet busy in getting the horses ready, and went homeward himself to prepare for his departure. It must be secret. He would go to his chamber by the back entrance. He did not care to face Mrs. O'Dowd and 10 Amelia, and own to them that he was about to run.

By the time Jos's bargain with Rebecca was completed, and his horses had been visited and examined, it was almost morning once more. But though midnight was long passed, there was no rest for the city; 15 the people were up, the lights in the houses flamed, crowds were still about the doors, and the streets were busy. Rumours of various natures went still from mouth to mouth: one report averred that the Prussians had been utterly defeated; another that it was the 20 English who had been attacked and conquered: a third that the latter had held their ground. This last rumour gradually got strength. No Frenchmen had made their appearance. Stragglers had come in from the army, bringing reports more and more favorable; 25 at last an aide-de-camp actually reached Brussels with despatches for the commandant of the place, who placarded presently through the town an official announcement of the success of the Allies at Quatre

⁴ The jerkiness of the sentences connotes Jos's uncertainty and hurry of mind.

Bras, and the entire repulse of the French under Ney after a six hours' battle. The aide-de-camp must have arrived some time while Jos and Rebecca were making their bargain together, or the latter was
5 inspecting his purchase. When he reached his own hotel, he found a score of its numerous inhabitants on the threshold discoursing of the news; there was no doubt as to its truth. And he went up to communicate it to the ladies under his charge. He did
10 not think it was necessary to tell them how he had intended to take leave of them, how he had bought horses, and what a price he had paid for them.

But success or defeat was a minor matter to them, who had only thought for the safety for those they
15 loved. Amelia, at the news of the victory, became still more agitated even than before. She was for going that moment to the army. She besought her brother with tears to conduct her thither. Her doubts and terrors reached their paroxysm; and the
20 poor girl, who for many hours had been plunged into stupor, raved and ran hither and thither in hysteric insanity—a piteous sight. No man writhing in pain on the hard-fought field fifteen miles off, where lay, after their struggles, so many of the brave—no man
25 suffered more keenly than this poor harmless victim of the war. Jos could not bear the sight of her pain. He left his sister in the charge of her stouter female companion and descended once more to the threshold of the hotel, where everybody still lingered, and
30 talked, and waited for more news.

It grew to be broad daylight as they stood here, and fresh news began to arrive from the war, brought by

men who had been actors in the scene. Wagons and long country carts laden with wounded came rolling into the town ; ghastly groans came from within them, and haggard faces looked up sadly from out of the straw. Jos Sedley was looking at one of these carriages with a painful curiosity—the moans of the people within were frightful—the wearied horses could hardly pull the cart. “Stop ! stop !” a feeble voice cried from the straw, and the carriage stopped opposite Mr. Sedley’s hotel.

“It is George, I know it is !” cried Amelia, rushing in a moment to the balcony, with a pallid face and loose flowing hair. It was not George, however, but it was the next best thing : it was news of him.

It was poor Tom Stubble, who had marched out of Brussels so gallantly twenty-four hours before, bearing the colours of the regiment, which he had defended very gallantly upon the field. A French lancer had speared the young ensign in the leg, who fell, still bravely holding to his flag. At the conclusion of the engagement, a place had been found for the poor boy in a cart, and he had been brought back to Brussels.

“Mr. Sedley, Mr. Sedley !” cried the boy, faintly, and Jos came up almost frightened at the appeal. He had not at first distinguished who it was that called him.

Little Tom Stubble held out his hot and feeble hand. “I’m to be taken in here,” he said. “Osborne—and—and Dobbin said I was ; and you are to give the man two napoleons ; my mother will pay you.” This young fellow’s thoughts, during the long feverish

hours passed in the cart, had been wandering to his father's parsonage which he had quitted only a few months before, and he had sometimes forgotten his pain in that delirium.*

The hotel was large and the people kind, and all the inmates of the cart were taken in and placed on various couches. The young ensign was conveyed upstairs to Osborne's quarters. Amelia and the major's wife had rushed down to him, when the latter had recognized to him from the balcony. You may fancy the feelings of these women when they were told that the day was over, and both their husbands were safe; in what mute rapture Amelia fell on her good friend's neck, and embraced her; in what a grateful passion of prayer she fell on her knees, and thanked the Power which had saved her husband.

Our young lady, in her fevered and nervous condition, could have had no more salutary medicine prescribed for her by any physician than that which chance put in her way. She and Mrs. O'Dowd watched incessantly by the wounded lad, whose pains were very severe, and in the duty thus forced upon her, Amelia had not time to brood over her personal anxieties, or to give herself up to her own fears and forebodings after her wont. The young patient told in his simple fashion the events of the day, and the actions of our friends of the gallant —th. They had suffered severely. They had lost very many officers and men.

* Thackeray's tenderness comes out in such passages as this and the following. The rhetorical explanation for the change of tone seems to be the greater length and smoothness of the sentences, and the suppression of marked sentence emphasis.

The major's horse had been shot under him as the regiment charged, and they all thought that O'Dowd was gone, and that Dobbin had got his majority, until on their return from the charge to their old ground, the major was discovered seated on Pyramus's carcass, 5 refreshing himself from a case-bottle. It was Captain Osborne that cut down the French lancer who had speared the ensign. Amelia turned so pale at the notion that Mrs. O'Dowd stopped the young ensign in this story. And it was Captain Dobbin who at the 10 end of the day, though wounded himself, took up the lad in his arms and carried him to the surgeon, and thence to the cart which was to bring him back to Brussels. And it was he who promised the driver two louis if he would make his way to Mr. Sedley's hotel 15 in the city, and tell Mrs. Captain Osborne that the action was over, and that her husband was unhurt and well.

"Indeed, but he has a good heart that William Dobbin," Mrs. O'Dowd said, "though he is always 20 laughing at me."

Young Stubble vowed there was not such another officer in the army, and never ceased his praises of the senior captain, his modesty, his kindness, and his admirable coolness in the field. To these parts of the 25 conversation, Amelia lent a very distracted attention : it was only when George was spoken of that she listened, and when he was not mentioned, she thought about him.

In tending her patient, and in thinking of the won- 30 derful escapes of the day before, her second day passed away not too slowly with Amelia. There was

only one man in the army for her : and as long as he was well, it must be owned that its movements interested her little. All the reports which Jos brought from the streets fell very vaguely on her ears ; though
5 they were sufficient to give that timorous gentleman, and many other people then in Brussels, every disquiet. The French had been repulsed certainly, but it was after a severe and doubtful struggle, and with only a division of the French army. The Emperor, with the
10 main body, was away at Ligny, where he had utterly annihilated the Prussians, and was now free to bring his whole force to bear upon the Allies. The Duke of Wellington was retreating upon the capital, and a great battle must be fought under its walls probably,
15 of which the chances were more than doubtful. The Duke of Wellington had but twenty thousand British troops on whom he could rely, for the Germans were raw militia, the Belgians dissaffected ; and with this handful his Grace had to resist a hundred and fifty
20 thousand men that had broken into Belgium under Napoleon. Under Napoleon !⁶ What warrior was there, however famous and skillful, that could fight at odds with him ?

Jos thought of all these things and trembled. So
25 did all the rest of Brussels—where people felt that the fight of the day before was but the prelude to the greater combat which was imminent. One of the armies opposed to the Emperor was scattered to the winds already. The few English that could be brought

⁶ Again the effect is due to emphasis. The marked emphasis of the exclamation makes its abruptness suggestive of the start which Europeans felt on hearing Napoleon's name.

to resist him would perish at their posts, and the conqueror would pass over their bodies into the city. Woe be to those whom he found there ! Addresses were prepared, public functionaries assembled and debated secretly, apartments were got ready, and 5 tricoloured banners and triumphal emblems manufactured, to welcome the arrival of His Majesty the Emperor and King.

The emigration still continued, and wherever families could find means of departure, they fled. 10 When Jos, on the afternoon of the 17th of June, went to Rebecca's hotel, he found that the great Bareacres' carriage had at length rolled away from the *porte-cochère*. The Earl had procured a pair of horses somehow, in spite of Mrs. Crawley, and was rolling on 15 the road to Ghent. Louis the Desired was getting ready his portmanteau in that city, too. It seemed as if misfortune was never tired of worrying into motion that unwieldy exile.

Jos felt that the delay of yesterday had been only a 20 respite, and that his dearly bought horses must of a surety be put into requisition. His agonies were very severe all this day. As long as there was an English army between Brussels and Napoleon there was no need of immediate flight ; but he had his horses brought 25 from their distant stables to the stables in the courtyard of the hotel where he lived ; so that they might be under his own eyes, and beyond the risk of violent abduction. Isidor watched the stable door constantly and had the horses saddled to be ready for the start. 30 He longed intensely for that event.

After the reception of the previous day, Rebecca

did not care to come near her dear Amelia. She clipped the bouquet which George had brought her, and gave fresh water to the flowers, and read over the letter which he had sent her. "Poor wretch," she
5 said, twirling round the little bit of paper in her fingers, "how could I crush her with this!—And it is for a thing like this that she must break her heart, forsooth—for a man who is stupid—a coxcomb—and who does not care for her. My poor good Rawdon
10 is worth ten of this creature." And then she fell to thinking what she should do if—if anything should happen to poor good Rawdon, and what a great piece of luck it was that he had left his horses behind.¹

In the course of this day too, Mrs. Crawley, who
15 saw not without anger the Bareacres' party drive off, bethought her of the precaution which the Countess had taken, and did a little needlework for her own advantage ; she stitched away the major part of her trinkets, bills, and banknotes about her person, and
20 so prepared, was ready for any event—to fly if she thought fit, or to stay and welcome the conqueror, were he Englishman or Frenchman. And I am not sure that she did not dream that night of becoming a duchess and Madame la Maréchale, while Rawdon,
25 wrapped in his cloak, and making his bivouac under the rain at Mount Saint John, was thinking with all the force of his heart, about the little wife whom he had left behind him.

¹ Note how Thackeray in this and many other places phrases his thought so as to represent the actual form of the idea in the mind of the character. Such phrasing is one of his methods of obtaining a humorous effect.

The next day was a Sunday. And Mrs. Major O'Dowd had the satisfaction of seeing both her patients refreshed in health and spirits by some rest which they had taken during the night. She herself had slept on a great chair in Amelia's room, ready to wait 5 upon her poor friend or the ensign, should either need her nursing. When morning came, this robust woman went back to the house where she and her major had their billet; and here performed an elaborate and splendid toilette, befitting the day. And it is very pos- 10 sible that while alone in that chamber, which her husband had inhabited, and where his cap still lay on the pillow, and his cane stood in the corner, one prayer at least was sent up to Heaven for the welfare of the brave soldier, Michael O'Dowd. 15

When she returned she brought her prayer-book with her, and her yncle the Dean's famous book of sermons, out of which she never failed to read every Sabbath; not understanding all, haply, not pronouncing many of the words aright, which were long and 20 abstruse—for the Dean was a learned man, and loved long Latin words—but with great gravity, vast emphasis, and with tolerable correctness in the main. How often has my Mick listened to these sermons, she thought, and me reading in the cabin of a calm! 25 She proposed to resume this exercise on the present day, with Amelia and the wounded ensign for a congregation. The same service was read on that day in twenty thousand churches at the same hour; and millions of British men and women, on their knees 30 implored protection of the Father of all.*

* Note the transition from the reading to the battle, through the

They did not hear the noise which disturbed our little congregation at Brussels. Much louder than that which had interrupted them two days previously, as Mrs. O'Dowd was reading the service in her best
5 voice, the cannon of Waterloo began to roar.

When Jos heard that dreadful sound he made up his mind that he would bear this perpetual recurrence of terrors no longer, and would fly at once. He rushed into the sick man's room, where our three
10 friends had paused in their prayers, and further interrupted them by a passionate appeal to Amelia.

"I can't stand it any more, Emmy," he said; "I won't stand it; and you must come with me. I have bought a horse for you—never mind at what price—
15 and you must dress and come with me, and ride behind Isidor."

"God forgive me, Mr. Sedley, but you are no better than a coward," Mrs. O'Dowd said, laying down the book.

20 "I say come, Amelia," the civilian went on; "never mind what she says; why are we to stop here and be butchered by the Frenchmen?"

"You forget the —th, my boy," said the little Stubble, the wounded hero, from his bed—"and—and you
25 won't leave me, will you, Mrs. O'Dowd?"

"No, my dear fellow," said she, going up and kissing the boy. "No harm shall come to you while I stand by. I don't budge till I get the word from Mick. A pretty figure I'd be, wouldn't I, stuck be-
30 hind that chap on a pillion?"

mention of the service in the English Church and "they," the worshippers in England,

This image caused the young patient to burst out laughing in his bed, and even made Amelia smile. "I don't ask her," Jos shouted out—"I don't ask that—that Irishwoman, but you, Amelia; once for all, will you come?"

"Without my husband, Joseph?" Amelia said, with a look of wonder, and gave her hand to the major's wife. Jos's patience was exhausted.

"Good-bye, then," he said, shaking his fist in a rage and slamming the door by which he retreated. And this time he really gave his order for march: and mounted in the court-yard. Mrs. O'Dowd heard the clattering hoofs of the horses as they issued from the gate; and looking out, made many scornful remarks on poor Joseph as he rode down the street with Isidor after him in the laced cap. The horses, which had not been exercised for some days, were lively, and sprang about the street. Jos, a clumsy and timid horseman, did not look to advantage in the saddle. "Look at him, Amelia dear, driving into the parlour window. Such a bull in a china-shop I never saw." And presently the pair of riders disappeared at a canter down the street leading in the direction of the Ghent road, Mrs. O'Dowd pursuing them with a fire of sarcasm so long as they were in sight.

All that day, from morning until past sunset, the cannon never ceased to roar. It was dark when the cannonading stopped all of a sudden.⁹

⁹ At this point the narration of the battle, as heard at Brussels, ends until resumed in the rapid summary of the last paragraph. The dignity and the fine reserve of the style in the following

All of us have read of what occurred during that interval. The tale is in every Englishman's mouth ; and you and I, who were children when the great battle was won and lost, are never tired of hearing and
5 recounting the history of that famous action. Its remembrance rankles still in the bosoms of millions of the countrymen of those brave men who lost the day. They pant for an opportunity of revenging that humiliation ; and if a contest, ending in a victory on their
10 part, should ensue, elating them in their turn, and leaving its cursed legacy of hatred and rage behind to us, there is no end to the so-called glory and shame and to the alternations of successful and unsuccessful murder, in which two high-spirited nations might en-
15 gage. Centuries hence, we Frenchmen and Englishmen might be boasting and killing each other still, carrying out bravely the devil's code of honour.

All our friends took their share and fought like men in the great field. All day long, whilst the women
20 were praying ten miles away, the lines of the dauntless English infantry were receiving and repelling the furious charges of the French horsemen. Guns which were heard at Brussels were ploughing up their ranks, and comrades falling, and the resolute survivors closing
25 in. Towards evening, the attack of the French, repeated and resisted so bravely, slackened in its fury. They had other foes besides the British to engage, or were preparing for a final onset. It came at last : the

paragraph are very noteworthy. The aim is not to portray a battle scene but to give an account of a great event, in simple, appropriate words.

columns of the Imperial Guard marched up the hill of Saint Jean, at length and at once to sweep the English from the height which they had maintained all day, and in spite of all : unscared by the thunder of the artillery, which hurled death from the English line—the dark rolling column pressed on and up the hill. It seemed almost to crest the eminence, when it began to wave and falter. Then it stopped, still facing the shot. Then at last the English troops rushed from the post from which no enemy had been able to dislodge them, and the Guard turned and fled. 5 10

No more firing was heard at Brussels—the pursuit rolled miles away. Darkness came down on the field and city : and Amelia was praying for George, who was lying on his face, dead, with a bullet through his heart. 15

2. Henry James.

Born 1843.

FROM *Confidence*,¹ CHAPTER I.

[*Confidence* appeared in 1880. The following passage is notable for the ease and smoothness of the style—qualities which are rendered more apparent by the rather trivial nature of the subject. These qualities are most remarkable in the delicacy of the transitions; and they come out most clearly in the airy precision of effect and in the lightness of touch of the dialogue. Each sentence, each word, leads into the next in a way that renders the passage the perfection of coherence. It is notable, too, structurally, as a skillful opening.]

IT was in the early days of April; Bernard Longueville had been spending the winter in Rome. He had travelled northward with the consciousness of several social duties that appealed to him from the
5 further side of the Alps, but he was under the charm of the Italian spring, and he made a pretext for lingering. He had spent five days at Siena, where he had intended to spend but two, and still it was impossible to continue his journey. He was a young
10 man of a contemplative and speculative turn, and this was his first visit to Italy, so that if he dallied by the way he should not be harshly judged. He had a fancy for sketching, and it was on his con-

¹ Printed by the kind permission of, and by arrangement with, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., the publishers.

science to take a few pictorial notes. There were two old inns at Siena, both of them very shabby and very dirty. The one at which Longueville had taken up his abode was entered by a dark, pestiferous archway, surmounted by a sign which at a distance might have been read by the travellers as the Dantean injunction to renounce all hope. The other was not far off, and the day after his arrival, as he passed it, he saw two ladies going in who evidently belonged to the large fraternity of Anglo-Saxon tourists, and one of whom was young and carried herself very well. Longueville had his share—or more than his share—of gallantry, and this incident awakened a regret. If he had gone to the other inn he might have had charming company : at his own establishment there was no one but an æsthetic German who smoked bad tobacco in the dining-room. He remarked to himself that this was always his luck, and the remark was characteristic of the man ; it was charged with the feeling of the moment, but it was not absolutely just ; it was the result of an acute impression made by the particular occasion ; but it failed in appreciation of a providence which had sprinkled Longueville's career with happy accidents—accidents, especially, in which his characteristic gallantry was not allowed to rust for want of exercise. He lounged, however, contentedly enough through these bright, still days of a Tuscan April, drawing much entertainment from the high picturesqueness of the things about him. Siena, a few years since, was a flawless gift of the Middle Ages to the modern imagination. No other Italian city could

have been more interesting to an observer fond of reconstructing obsolete manners. This was a taste of Bernard Longueville's, who had a relish for serious literature, and at one time had made several lively
5 excursions into mediæval history. His friends thought him very clever, and at the same time had an easy feeling about him which was a tribute to his freedom from pedantry. He was clever, indeed, and an excellent companion; but the real measure of his brilli-
10 liancy was in the success with which he entertained himself. He was much addicted to conversing with his own wit, and he greatly enjoyed his own society. Clever as he often was in talking with his friends, I am not sure that his best things, as the phrase is,
15 were not for his own ears. And this was not on account of any cynical contempt for the understanding of his fellow-creatures: it was simply because what I have called his own society was more of a stimulus than that of most other people. And yet
20 he was not for this reason fond of solitude; he was, on the contrary, a very sociable animal. It must be admitted at the outset that he had a nature which seemed at several points to contradict itself, as will probably be perceived in the course of this narration.
25 He entertained himself greatly with his reflections and meditations upon Sienese architecture and early Tuscan art, upon Italian street-life and the geological idiosyncrasies of the Apennines. If he had only gone to the other inn, that nice-looking girl whom he
30 had seen passing under the dusky portal with her face turned away from him might have broken bread with him at this intellectual banquet. There came a

day, however, when it seemed for a moment that if she were disposed she might gather up the crumbs of the feast.² Longueville, every morning after breakfast, took a turn in the great square of Siena—the vast *piazza*, shaped like a horse-shoe, where the market is held beneath the windows of that crenelated palace from whose overhanging cornice a tall, straight tower springs up with a movement as light as that of a single plume in the bonnet of a captain.³ Here he strolled about, watching a brown *contadino* 10 disembarass his donkey, noting the progress of half an hour's chaffer over a bundle of carrots, wishing a young girl with eyes like animated agates would let him sketch her, and gazing up at intervals at the beautiful, slim tower, as it played at contrasts with 15 the large blue air. After he had spent the greater part of a week in these grave considerations, he made up his mind to leave Siena. But he was not content with what he had done for his portfolio. Siena was eminently sketchable, but he had not been industrious. 20 On the last morning of his visit, as he stood staring about him in the crowded piazza, and feeling that, in spite of its picturesqueness, this was an awkward place for setting up an easel, he bethought himself,

² Note the way in which the foregoing sentences prepare the way for the introduction of the situation, the characters, and the coming dialogue.

³ The delicacy of the introduction of the scenery is characteristic. It seems naturally to grow out of Longueville's walk. There are in the selection several descriptive bits of this sort—a "description by general effect" (Cf. Baldwin: *Specimens of Description*, the *Introduction*).

by contrast, of a quiet corner in another part of the town, which he had chanced upon in one of his first walks—an angle of a lonely terrace that abutted upon the city-wall, where three or four superannuated
5 objects seemed to slumber in the sunshine—the open door of an empty church, with a faded fresco exposed to the air in the arch above it, and an ancient beggar woman sitting beside it on a three-legged stool. The little terrace had an old polished parapet,
10 about as high as a man's breast, above which was a view of strange, sad-colored hills. Outside, to the left, the wall of the town made an outward bend, and exposed its rugged and rusty complexion. There was a smooth stone bench set into the wall of the
15 church, on which Longueville had rested for an hour, observing the composition of the little picture of which I have indicated the elements, and of which the parapet of the terrace would form the foreground. The thing was what painters call a subject, and he
20 had promised himself to come back with his utensils. This morning he returned to the inn and took possession of them, and then he made his way through a labyrinth of empty streets, lying on the edge of the town, within the wall, like the superfluous folds of a
25 garment whose wearer has shrunk with old age. He reached his little grass-grown terrace, and found it as sunny and as private as before. The old mendicant was mumbling petitions, sacred and profane, at the church door; but save for this the stillness
30 was unbroken. The yellow sunshine warmed the brown surface of the city-wall, and lighted the hollows of the Etruscan hills. Longueville settled him-

self on the empty bench, and, arranging his little portable apparatus, began to ply his brushes. He worked for some time smoothly and rapidly, with an agreeable sense of the absence of obstacles. It seemed almost an interruption when, in the silent air, 5 he heard a distant bell in the town strike noon.⁴ Shortly after this, there was another interruption. The sound of a soft footstep caused him to look up ; whereupon he saw a young woman standing there and bending her eyes upon the graceful artist. A 10 second glance assured him that she was that nice girl whom he had seen going into the other inn with her mother, and suggested that she had just emerged from the little church. He suspected, however—I hardly know why—that she had been looking at 15 him for some moments before he perceived her. It would perhaps be impertinent to inquire what she thought of him ; but Longueville, in the space of an instant, made two or three reflections upon the young lady.⁶ One of them was to the effect that she was a 20 handsome creature, but that she looked rather bold ; the burden of the other was that—yes, decidedly—she was a compatriot. She turned away almost as soon as she met his eyes ; he had hardly time to raise his hat, as, after a moment's hesitation, he proceeded 25 to do. She herself appeared to feel a certain hesita-

⁴ The sentence, aside from the information it gives and its aid in the effect of quiet, seems to have no other purpose than to prepare the way for the second interruption, lest the latter be so sudden as to jar on the stillness.

⁶ Note the method of introducing Longueville's first impression of the young lady. Compare the end of the paragraph.

tion ; she glanced back at the church door, as if under the impulse to retrace her steps. She stood there a moment longer—long enough to let him see that she was a person of easy attitudes—and then she
5 walked away slowly to the parapet of the terrace. Here she stationed herself, leaning her arms upon the high stone ledge, presenting her back to Longueville, and gazing at rural Italy. Longueville went on with his sketch, but less attentively than before. He
10 wondered what this young lady was doing there alone, and then it occurred to him that her companion—her mother, presumably—was in the church. The two ladies had been in the church when he arrived ; women liked to sit in churches ; they had been there
15 more than half an hour, and the mother had not enough of it even yet. The young lady, however, at present preferred the view that Longueville was painting ; he became aware that she had placed herself in the very centre of his foreground. His first
20 feeling was that she would spoil it ; his second was that she would improve it. Little by little she turned more into profile, leaning only one arm upon the parapet, while the other hand, holding her folded parasol, hung down at her side. She was motionless ; it was
25 almost as if she were standing there on purpose to be drawn. Yes, certainly she improved the picture. Her profile, delicate and thin, defined itself against the sky, in the clear shadow of a coquettish hat ; her figure was light ; she bent and leaned easily ; she
30 wore a gray dress, fastened up as was then the fashion, and displaying the broad edge of a crimson petticoat. She kept her position ; she seemed ab-

sorbed in the view. "Is she *posing*—is she attitudinizing for my benefit?" Longueville asked of himself. And then it seemed to him that this was a needless assumption, for the prospect was quite beautiful enough to be looked at for itself, and there was nothing impossible in a pretty girl having a love of fine landscape. "But posing or not," he went on, "I will put her into my sketch. She has simply put herself in. It will give it a human interest. There is nothing like having a human interest." So, with the ready skill that he possessed, he introduced the young girl's figure into his foreground, and at the end of ten minutes he had almost made something that had the form of a likeness. "If she will only be quiet for another ten minutes," he said, "the thing will really be a picture." Unfortunately, the young lady was not quiet; she had apparently had enough of her attitude and her view. She turned away, facing Longueville again, and slowly came back, as if to re-enter the church. To do so she had to pass near him, and as she approached he instinctively got up, holding his drawing in one hand. She looked at him again, with that expression that he had mentally characterized as "bold" a few minutes before—with dark, intelligent eyes. Her hair was dark and dense; she was a strikingly handsome girl.

"I am so sorry you moved," he said, confidently, in English. "You were so—so beautiful."

She stopped, looking at him more directly than ever; and she looked at his sketch, which he held out toward her. At the sketch, however, she only glanced, whereas there was observation in the eye that she

bent upon Longueville. He never knew whether she had blushed ; he afterward thought she might have been frightened. Nevertheless, it was not exactly terror that appeared to dictate her answer to Longueville's speech.

"I am much obliged to you. Don't you think you have looked at me enough?"

"By no means. I should like so much to finish my drawing."

10 "I am not a professional model," said the young lady.

"No. That's my difficulty," Longueville answered, laughing. "I can't propose to remunerate you."

The young lady seemed to think this joke in indifferent taste. She turned away in silence ; but something in her expression, in his feeling at the time, in the situation, incited Longueville to higher play. He felt a lively need of carrying his point.

"You see it will be pure kindness," he went on,—
"a simple act of charity. Five minutes will be
20 enough. Treat me as an Italian beggar."

He had laid down his sketch and had stepped forward. He stood there, obsequious, clasping his hands and smiling.

His interruptress stopped and looked at him again, as if she thought him a very odd person ; but she seemed amused. Now, at any rate, she was not frightened. She seemed even disposed to provoke him a little.

"I wish to go to my mother," she said.

30 "Where is your mother?" the young man asked.

"In the church, of course. I didn't come here alone!"

"Of course not; but you may be sure that your mother is very contented. I have been in that little church. It is charming. She is just resting there; she is probably tired. If you will kindly give me five minutes more, she will come out to you."

"Five minutes?" the young girl asked.

"Five minutes will do. I shall be eternally grateful." Longueville was amused at himself as he said this. He cared infinitely less for his sketch than the words appeared to imply; but, somehow, he cared greatly that this graceful stranger should do what he had proposed.

The graceful stranger dropped an eye on the sketch again.

"Is your picture so good as that?" she asked.

"I have a great deal of talent," he answered, laughing. "You shall see for yourself, when it is finished."

She turned slowly toward the terrace again.

"You certainly have a great deal of talent, to induce me to do what you ask." And she walked to where she had stood before. Longueville made a movement to go with her, as if to show her the attitude he meant; but, pointing with decision to his easel, she said—

"You have only five minutes." He immediately went back to his work, and she made a vague attempt to take up her position. "You must tell me if this will do," she added, in a moment.

"It will do beautifully," Longueville answered, in a happy tone, looking at her and plying his brush. "It is immensely good of you to take so much trouble."

For a moment she made no rejoinder, but presently she said—

"Of course if I pose at all I wish to pose well."

"You pose admirably," said Longueville.

After this she said nothing, and for several minutes he painted rapidly and in silence. He felt a certain excitement, and the movement of his thoughts kept pace with that of his brush. It was very true that she posed admirably ; she was a fine creature to paint. Her prettiness inspired him, and also her audacity, as he was content to regard it for the moment. He wondered about her—who she was, and what she was—perceiving that the so-called audacity was not vulgar boldness, but the play of an original and probably interesting character. It was obvious that she was a perfect lady, but it was equally obvious that she was irregularly clever. Longueville's little figure was a success—a charming success, he thought, as he put on the last touches. While he was doing this, his model's companion came into view. She came out of the church, pausing a moment as she looked from her daughter to the young man in the corner of the terrace ; then she walked straight over to the young girl. She was a delicate little gentlewoman, with a light, quick step.

Longueville's five minutes were up ; so, leaving his place, he approached the two ladies, sketch in hand. The elder one, who had passed her hand into her daughter's arm, looked up at him with clear, surprised eyes ; she was a charming old woman. Her eyes were very pretty, and on either side of them, above a pair of fine dark brows, was a band of silvery hair, rather coquettishly arranged.

"It is my portrait," said her daughter, as Longue-

ville drew near. "This gentleman has been sketching me."

"Sketching you, dearest?" murmured her mother. "Wasn't it rather sudden?"

"Very sudden—very abrupt!" exclaimed the young girl with a laugh.

"Considering all that, it's very good," said Longueville, offering his picture to the elder lady, who took it and began to examine it. "I can't tell you how much I thank you," he said to his model. 10

"It's very well for you to thank me now," she replied. "You really had no right to begin."

"The temptation was so great."

"We should resist temptation. And you should have asked my leave." 15

"I was afraid you would refuse it; and you stood there, just in my line of vision."

"You should have asked me to get out of it."

"I should have been very sorry. Besides, it would have been extremely rude." 20

The young girl looked at him a moment.

"Yes, I think it would. But what you have done is ruder."

"It is a hard case!" said Longueville. "What could I have done, then, decently?" 25

"It's a beautiful drawing," murmured the elder lady, handing the thing back to Longueville. Her daughter, meanwhile, had not even glanced at it.

"You might have waited till I should go away," this argumentative young person continued. 30

Longueville shook his head.

"I never lose opportunities!"

"You might have sketched me afterwards, from memory."

Longueville looked at her, smiling.

"Judge how much better my memory will be
5 now!"

She also smiled a little, but instantly became serious.

"For myself, it is an episode I shall try to forget. I don't like the part I have played in it."

10 "May you never play a less becoming one!" cried Longueville. "I hope that your mother, at least, will accept a memento of the occasion." And he turned again with the sketch to her companion, who had been listening to the girl's conversation with this enterpris-
15 ing stranger, and looking from one to the other with an air of earnest confusion. "Won't you do me the honor of keeping my sketch?" he said. "I think it really looks like your daughter."

"Oh, thank you, thank you; I hardly dare," murmured the lady, with a deprecating gesture.

"It will serve as a kind of amends for the liberty I have taken," Longueville added; and he began to remove the drawing from its paper block.

"It makes it worse for you to give it to us," said
25 the young girl.

"Oh, my dear, I am sure it's lovely!" exclaimed her mother. "It's wonderfully like you."

"I think that also makes it worse!"

Longueville was at last nettled. The young lady's
30 perversity was perhaps not exactly malignant; but it was certainly ungracious. She seemed to desire to present herself as a beautiful tormentress.

"How does it make it worse?" he asked, with a frown.

He believed she was clever, and she was certainly ready. Now, however, she reflected a moment before answering. 5

"That you should give us your sketch," she said at last.

"It was to your mother I offered it," Longueville observed.

But this observation, the fruit of his irritation, appeared to have no effect upon the young girl.

"Isn't it what painters call a study?" she went on. "A study is of use to the painter himself. Your justification would be that you should keep your sketch, and that it might be of use to you." 15

"My daughter is a study, sir, you will say," said the elder lady in a little, light, conciliating voice, and graciously accepting the drawing again.

"I will admit," said Longueville, "that I am very inconsistent. Set it down to my esteem, madam," he 20 added, looking at the mother.

"That's for you, mamma," said his model, disengaging her arm from her mother's hand and turning away.

The mamma stood looking at the sketch with a 25 smile which seemed to express a tender desire to reconcile all accidents.

"It's extremely beautiful," she murmured, "and if you insist on my taking it——"

"I shall regard it as a great honor." 30

"Very well, then ; with many thanks, I will keep it." She looked at the young man a moment, while

her daughter walked away. Longueville thought her a delightful little person ; she struck him as a sort of transfigured Quakeress—a mystic with a practical side. “I am sure you think she is a strange girl,”
5 she said.

“She is extremely pretty.”

“She is very clever,” said the mother.

“She is wonderfully graceful.”

“Ah, but she’s good !” cried the old lady.

10 “I am sure she comes honestly by that,” said Longueville, expressively, while his companion, returning his salutation with a certain scrupulous grace of her own, hurried after her daughter.

Longueville remained there staring at the view, but
15 not especially seeing it. He felt as if he had at once enjoyed and lost an opportunity. After a while he tried to make a sketch of the old beggar-woman who sat there in a sort of palsied immobility, like a rickety statue at a church-door. But his attempt to reproduce
20 her features was not gratifying, and he suddenly laid down his brush. She was not pretty enough—she had a bad profile.

THE END.



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